The Churchman.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1878.

THE news from the valley of the Mississippi is still distressing, even more so than when we last wrote. The fever is making terrible havoc among all classes of the inhabitants. Private advices show us that there is much exaggeration as to the condition of New Orleans. The rector of Christ church has sent out a circular letter to those of his parishioners who are absent, asking for aid, frankly and honestly saying that they ought to exhaust their own resources before asking for help.

But at Memphis, and Vicksburg, and Grenada there is pressing need. The fever has entered the home of Dr. Sansom, the veteran rector of Vicksburg; it has prostrated Dean Harris, of Memphis; and it has left the devoted Mr. McCracken standing almost alone in his recently beautiful, now desolated, parish of Grenada.

We have received some hundreds of dollars for these places, and shall gladly continue to be the medium of such blessings.

THE Roman Catholic Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, has issued a pastoral letter excluding parents who send their children to the public schools from the sacraments of the Church. Such parents have time and again been reproved by the Roman Catholic clergy, but we are not aware that refusal of the rites of the Church has been resorted to by those so high in authority as an archbishop. But while we may always count upon seeing Roman Catholic power carried to its full extent when practicable, one barrier is generally found to be effective, and that is expediency. That this barrier has been exceeded in this case has now become quite apparent. For immediately following this pastoral is the announcement that his grace is about to retire from the archbishopric. A coadjutor has been appointed who will assume the duties. No one doubts that the pastoral and the subsequent action have a connection. In fact, a priest who was "interviewed" declared this mandate "particularly injudicious." If carried out it "would cause disastrous strife, and the result would be the alienation of two thirds of the members of the Church." The same priest testifies to several other "injudicious" acts of the archbishop; but not until this one do we hear of his retirement. But what is "injudicious" in San Francisco is not by any means so in Rome. The *Catholic Review* publishes the substance of a letter issued by the vicar-general, Cardinal La Viletta, which we may be sure will not be followed by his retirement. He not only forbids the sacraments to those who send their children to Protestant schools, but exposes to the major excommunication those who hear Protestant sermons (unless they intend not to yield to their arguments should they prove convincing); who give aid to printing invitations to heretical assemblies; who enter any place where Protestant services are going on, even out of curiosity, or to sing or to play in them; who work on heretical books, even in a subordinate position, in a printing office; or who lend their aid as architects, contractors, or builders in the construction or decoration of Protestant temples. A pastoral letter of this kind is not at all "injudicious" in Rome.

THE new prison for women at Sherborn, Mass., which contains nearly half the convicted women in the State, or nearly 450, is almost wholly under the control of women. The superintendent is a woman, the chaplain is a woman, the physician — in fact nearly all the officers and directors are women. This is no new thing under the sun, inasmuch as the great prison at Wodlong, England, containing 800 female convicts, has been for years under the sole management of women. That women, in most respects, can manage women better than men, must be plain to everybody. Already the superior discipline at Sherborn is said to be very manifest. There is a school six hours a day, at which, in different classes, all the convicts are taught; most of them being very ignorant, and of course having no idea of neatness and order. All prisoners who have obeyed the rules spend an hour each evening at the "privilege room" in orderly recreation. All have the ordinary prison fare, without any kind of luxuries, though all the arrangements are calculated to teach them neatness and decorum. The bane of prison life is either idleness or enforced work, in which the prisoners take no interest; but at Sherborn the women are taught to do the work skilfully and steadily, with some heart in it. This includes work in the laundry, kitchen, hospital, and in the various workshops. The earnings of the women amount to $1,000 a month, and are constantly increasing. This experiment, if such it may be called, will be watched with increasing interest, no less as showing what can be done for women, than what women can do.

MR. GLADSTONE ON "KIN BEYOND SEA"

Whatever Mr. Gladstone's feeling in view of Lord Beaconsfield's triumphs, he is not so overcome by it as not to contribute an excellent article to the *North American Review* on "Kin Beyond Sea." His faith in us was somewhat shaken during the civil war, but he is so far recovered as to be as complimentary and hopeful as we could well desire. The England and the America of the present, he says, are probably the two strongest nations of the world. "But there can hardly be a doubt, as between the America and the England of the future, that the daughter at some no very distant time will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother." Mr. Gladstone, however, does well to remind the two nations, and especially America, that "material triumphs are worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being." When he says the development which the republic has effected has been unexampled in rapidity and force, we wish this were as true of moral wealth as material. We should love to be assured, indeed, that while our development has been rapid in one direction, it has not been retrograde in another. The Americans will never lack for want of materials to carry on great enterprises. But it is impossible not to ask whether their eagerness for money, which De Tocqueville spoke of, has not impaired their integrity, and whether in the long run it may not prove a serious obstacle in the way of further development? It certainly makes in our favor, so far as paying off the public debt is concerned, that our "self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future" have been eightfold that of England.

What Mr. Gladstone has to say in regard to these resemblances and differences touching English and American institutions is very interesting and instructive. To say that "neither nation prefers, and that it would be an ill sign if either nation did prefer, the institutions of the other," shows how thoroughly Mr. Gladstone is persuaded that each nation has a vocation of its own, and is to pursue it in the divinely-appointed way. While there were "the strongest reasons why America could not grow into a reflection or repetition of England," it is enough that the two governments, whatsoever they do, have to give reasons for it; that they are governments not of force only, but persuasion; that they alike prefer the practical to the abstract; that they tolerate opinion, with only a reserve in behalf of decency; that they set a high value on liberty for its own sake; that they desire to give full scope to the principles of self-reliance in the people, deeming self-help immeasurably superior to help in any other form; that they distrust and mislike the centralization of power, and cherish municipal, local, even parochial liberties, as nursery grounds, not

worthy of two great nations whose institutions and callings are so plainly providential.

Probably the best and the only thing to do is for each nation to correct the disadvantages under which its system labors, and as far as possible to increase its efficiency. Of course the greatest task on earth is to devise and adjust institutions which shall at the same time include regenerate and unregenerate men, and build them up in law and religion. It is only necessary to bear in mind that all earthly institutions, whether human or divine, and however combined, are to have but one drift and bearing. This will make the union or the separation of Church and State perhaps equally important factors in fitting man and society for their vocation here, and for their eternal destiny hereafter.

THE EMBER SEASON.

The ember season comes this year when many hearts are full. The thought of more than one congregation which listens to the prayers for the clergy will be of those brave, devoted servants of the Lord who have been holding their posts in the midst of widespread desolation and death. The eyes fill, the cheek burns, the heart throbs at the story of men whose endurance in the midst of a pestilence which for malignity, if not in extent, can find no parallel this side of the mediaeval black death and the London plague, has been so utterly unselfish and heroic. And the thought will also turn to the striking fact that all this has been accepted as the natural, normal duty of the men who have done it. It has been regarded as part of their ordination vows, honorable indeed when done, but shameful if left undone. And others, jealous of their own pastors' fame, where like fiery trial has not come, may seek to emulate a like credit by comparing with it the long, steady, painful sacrifices of the usual course of the ministry. They will say, Something of the same peril is never absent from the path of the true pastor. He is ever exposed to some contact with some form of disease in which may lurk a danger to him and his.

We wish to use this thought to deepen, if possible, the earnestness of the prayers now sent up in behalf of those who are to enter upon this great responsibility. Who is sufficient for these things? "Not I, but the grace of God strengthening me," is the reply of the young candidate, as he makes ready to kneel and receive the "laying on of hands." Ought he not to feel that behind him are the prayers of an earnest and loving Church? Should not each candidate feel that the whole Church, which for the most part knows him not even by name, is yet heartily supplicating for him the special presence and aid of the holy Helper? As one would pray for his dearest amid the perils of the great deep, as he would entreat for a brother or a son in the ranks of war on the eve of battle, so should the whole Church utter its ember prayers.

There is a deeper sorrow than the death of the best beloved in the path of duty. It is the failure to keep those holy vows, and the shame and bitterness which comes when the white robe is torn and sullied by passion and foulness. The lesson is painfully pointed from time to time that not even the highest responsibilities and gifts can shield from temptation and fall. So much the more should the prayer be raised in behalf of those whose sins are not as those of others—sins for themselves only to mourn—but who cannot go astray without staining the spotless robe of the Bride of Christ, and bringing doubt or scandal in the way of those for whom the Lord died. As their need is greatest, so let the prayer of the Church for them be the most earnest.

IS A SERMON NECESSARY?

The question is often asked, Is a sermon necessary to the service of the Church whenever the people gather on the Lord's day? The only provision of the Prayer Book which directly governs this matter is the rubric in the Communion Office: "Here shall follow the sermon." It is to be observed that the definite article is used. It is not "Here shall follow *a* sermon," which would be clearly obligatory to require preaching, but "*the* sermon," which, in the opinion of many, signifies that here is the place where the sermon, when one is to be delivered, should come in. The obligation then would apply to the order, not to the necessity, of a discourse. Some interpret this rubric so strictly as to feel called upon to say a few words of exhortation even when administering the Holy Communion to the sick. Others feel at liberty on saints' days and at early celebrations to proceed at once to the offertory.

It is well understood that custom alone is the authority for a sermon at the second or evening service of the Lord's day. The question is certainly therefore an open one whether this second preaching is uniformly desirable, and this brings one to the point to be considered here, whether there is not much to be said against the absolute expectation of preaching in the Sunday services. Does not preaching suffer from it? Is not the minister weighted with the obligation to produce a discourse whether he have anything to say or not? Are not the minds of the people led to attend with the same impression that they are bound by a certain duty of listening? Is not this one cause of the deadness of much preaching that is to be heard, and also a cause of the attempt to avoid deadness by sensational matter and manner? At present there are two distinct purposes before the preacher. One is the ideal one of delivering a message of holy truth, of needful instruction, and of persuasive entreaty to righteousness. The other is the practical one of occupying an allotted interval with a composition which shall be free from objectionable features, and possibly to the credit of the preacher.

Of course the ideal ought always to be uppermost; but will it be when the hard stress of necessary weekly recurrence brings twice with every Sunday the work of preparing a discourse? Many of the clergy own the force of this last suggestion; but it is said the laity expect a sermon, and feel defrauded if they do not get it. The question arises whether the laity do not interfere with their own best privileges by this demand? Do they not miss the chief purpose of Sunday worship? The Lord's house is the house of prayer. If prayer, which is the chief end of Christians assembling themselves together, is made only the introduction to preaching, will not the duty and the comfort of prayer suffer?

The necessity of much preaching has been forced on the Church from outside. The belief is entertained that the laity, "having itching ears," will heap to themselves teachers of various sorts, unless they have all they want at home. Now preaching is most important when rightly viewed, but it loses its importance when by reason of excess of frequency it is required to be entertaining, exciting, attractive. If people go to church chiefly for the sermon, they will not demand that it be of the highest quality, but that it will be most agreeable to their taste, and their taste will be by a popular standard rather than by a true one. There is a habit of listening which is formed by interest in the thing said, and there is quite another habit of listening which grows out of mere pleasure in the way of saying it. It is the latter habit which grows out of the rule that one must listen whether or no. It is like a man's attending simply to take notes of a speech or discourse.

This reacts upon the preacher. But its worst effect is on the hearers who will thus bear to be told their duty over and over again, in the plainest terms, without really feeling that the telling concerns them. It is a routine part of the preacher's duty. It is like the notices of week-day prayers, which some in every congregation hear every Sunday without in the least attending to them, because they have no power or no inclination to come to such services. They feel it is all right for the preacher to give the notice, would miss it if it were not given, but they do not associate it with their own duty. An occasional notice of an exceptional ser-

as, for instance, when the rector "The bishop will administer con-ion and preach on such a day," set everybody to considering ner they can attend or not. This, is the point of inquiry, Would reaching be better, and better lis-l to, if it were not so strictly red and so constantly expected? the further inquiry is as to what ations and upon what principles ange should be brought about. e is no doubt as to the liberty of ensing with the second sermon. e are many, at least some rectors, take it, and their experience as to dance and benefit would be a val-e aid in determining the points here ed. There are others who would glad-ke this liberty, but are restrained by ts as to the feeling of their con-rations. Of course no one has a t to try it as a labor-saving scheme. an only be won by putting the and the worth of two sermons one.

erhaps there are those who (as for ance when one has the care of two shes) have been able to test the ct of a morning service without a non and a second service with one, who can speak of the most effective for preaching. In the English rch sermons are delivered with only preface of a "bidding prayer," as he university sermons in St. Mary's, ord, and those are largely attended well worth listening to.

ur purpose is not to decry preach-but to enhance its value. The half metimes more than the whole.

the complaints of length of ser-s, it is usually assumed that the non cannot be shortened. It cannot without great labor, for it is very l work to condense a sermon that l say all it starts to say, and that in fewest and best words. But can it be sometimes omitted? And is not idea that a discourse must fill such ven measure of time, so as to enable ngregation to reach home at their ner hour, a mistaken one, and one ch leads to needless prolixity or else utting short? An occasional ser-n is not felt to be too long. When general convention was in session ple listened with perfect content to speeches, provided they were good ches, and cried "Go on" after they been listening all the morning, n a really earnest and eloquent man the floor. But if a portion of each 's session had been set apart for set ches of prescript length, there would e been empty pews enough so far as audience was concerned.

is not here said that the matter can regulated, the question is asked if an be. And this is written in the e of calling out discussion, and above f eliciting facts which may assist olution.

*MOSAICS FROM THE EUCHARISTIC SCRIPTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.**

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

We have presented in the epistle for this Sunday a line of argument dealing with the same subject which the apostle discussed in last Sunday's epistle; but it deals with it from another standpoint and with a different contrast. The comparison here is not between the Old and the New Testament, διαθήκη; between letter and spirit, between the Law and the Gospel. It is between the Law and what went before it, which St. Paul calls, in this same chapter, the προευαγγέλια, the pre-evangel. This word, which we translate "the Scripture preached before the Gospel" —that is, preached *the Gospel before* the Law —this word becomes the turning point of the new argument. For telling us that the ἐπαγγελία, *the promise*, really is the ἐναγγελία, *the Gospel*, it shows us that the Gospel antedates the Law; that the intention and purpose of God revealed to Abraham *always* was that "the inheritance should be by promise." And the Law came in, later, "because of transgressions." That is, in order *not* to make sin, but to show what sin was, to compel a conviction of sin, and so to make men, feeling the need of a Saviour, look forward to the time when "the Seed should come to whom the promises were made." The Gospel, then, is more glorious than the Law, first, because it is four hundred and thirty years older, since it was preached to Abraham, and confirmed (by the prophecy of the seed "in whom the nations of the earth should all be blessed") in Christ, or rather *into* Christ, thirty years before the birth of Isaac, which was four hundred years before the giving of the Law. And still again the Law is less glorious than the Gospel, because it was temporary, because it was made necessary by the sins of men and not by the choice of God, and because it was delivered *mediately* by the hand of Moses and "the disposition of angels"; whereas the Gospel was delivered *immediately* by God himself, to Abraham in the promise; and still more, by God himself, in the person of Christ. While, therefore, we may not in any wise disparage the Law, yet we may well learn by this new contrasting of it with God's first promise to Abraham, as well as with that promise fulfilled in Abraham's "seed, which is Christ," "how much the ministration of righteousness doth exceed in glory.

It is beyond the purpose of these papers to "search out the deep things of Christ," and we pass by an important teaching, which our translation fails entirely to convey, namely, the comparison between the "mediator Moses" and God, and the intense fulness of meaning in the Greek of the twentieth verse, which reveals the unity and the self-existence of God: ὁ δὲ Θεὸς εἷς ἐστιν. But there is one point of really practical importance whose meaning is apt to be mistaken, the contrast between "seeds" and "seed." In one sense it is true that this promise is all fulfilled in the person of Christ: "I will give the land," (the land of the heavenly promises) "to thee and to thy seed forever"; "I will, establish My covenant between Me and thee and thy seed after thee"; "I will be a God unto thee and thy seed after thee"; all which undoubtedly means Christ, who, in the first place, is "*the* seed of the woman"; and then, "*the* seed of Abraham," as the son and antitype of Isaac, in whom Abraham's "seed was to be called." But how is this fulfilled in Christ? Not in Him as an individual; but in Him as having "gathered together into one," even Himself, "the children of God"! Israel —not only Jacob—but the nation Israel was Isaac's seed; yet they became scattered abroad like *seeds*, in their dispersions; and the promised blessing was not fulfilled to them. But Christ has incorporated into one, in His own mystical body, all the children of God, to be one family, one seed, "one new man." For, as the apostle goes on to say in this same chapter, declaring the instrument of this incorporation, "as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ"; "ye are all one in Christ Jesus"; and "if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise."

And here we find the link which fastens the petition of the collect to the teaching of this Scripture. It is of God's "only gift," of God's gift alone that is, that we are "His faithful people" at all. And only by His gift can we "serve Him in this life with true and laudable service." The call to serve Him, and the power to serve Him, are both "by promise," by God's free gift. "We are heirs *through hope*," "according to the promise." But for that "we were all concluded," shut up, imprisoned, "under sin." And when we come to be inheritors *in reality*, it shall still be "according to the promise." For what we finally attain shall be, not wages, nor deserts, but "only the heavenly *promises*"; not the hard earnings of obedience to the Law, but "the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord." And "so they which be of faith," God's "faithful people," "who faithfully serve Him," "shall be blessed with faithful Abraham."

The link between the epistle and the gospel is very plain to see. For, in the first place, in reply to that unreal question of the lawyer, our Lord referred him to the Law, saying, "What is written in the Law?" And when he gave in reply that current summary of the commandments which the Jews had written on their phylacteries, and recited daily, and which our Lord adopted and the Church still recites as the condensed essence of the Law, "He said unto him, Thou hast answered right; this do and thou shalt live." And in this very answer Christ declared that "righteousness could not be by the Law," that the "Law could not give life." For, as the homily on the Passion has it, "such is the frailty of man since the fall, that he cannot walk uprightly in God's commandments." The inheritance, therefore, of the heavenly promises, cannot be of the Law, since no man can "keep it, and yet offend in no point." And when, in this same parable, the Lord condenses the history of the human race, from Adam's fall in Paradise to Adam's uplifting, by His own ascension, into heaven, He tells the same truth, of the Law's helplessness to save. For the priest and the Levite, the Law and the prophets ("sacerdos, lex," Origen says, "Levites, prophetae") looked with sympathy at the suffering man, and then passed on, as the old dispensation faded into and made room for the new—helpless to heal. For there was not "a law given which could have given life."

Apart from this, the link between the collect and the gospel is very plain to see. For, more or less, we all are, as the lawyer was, disposed to "tempt" Christ; to seek "to en-

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tangle Him in His talk"; to discover a contradiction between the plainly revealed duty of "faithful service" to be done and the as plainly revealed fact of the inheritance, "of promise," of life *given*, not earned, not won. So are we willing, with the lawyer, to "justify" ourselves. If we must work to inherit eternal life, then it is wages, not a gift. If it is given, then we need do nothing to inherit it. All which, still under the teaching of the epistle, that "the inheritance is not of the Law," the collect solves and settles. For, since the privilege and the power of service are both the gift of God; since, unhelped and unforgiven, we could not "render true and laudable service," the reward of that service, which He only enables us to attain, is "reckoned not of debt, but of grace."

The parable itself opens before us, like a book with its two leaves, on one of which Christ is revealed to us as the "sacrifice for sin," and on the other as the "ensample of godly life." The heading of this second page is "Go and do thou likewise." And we have need to learn this lesson. The quibble of the questioner, "Who is my neighbor?" is in some sort answered, as the English heading of this chapter reads: "Verse 25 teacheth the lawyer . . . to take every one for his neighbor that needeth his mercy." But the turn which our Lord gives the parable answers the larger question, "how to attain eternal life" in the larger way. It is, as when He said before: "If any man will do My will, he shall know of the doctrine." The practice of religion is the best help to its understanding. He that knows Christ as "the Way" according to which, and "the Life" by which, he lives, knows Him also as "the Truth." And the life of good works, done for that love of God which makes a man also love his brother, made in the image and glorified in the incarnation of God; *this* is the "faithful service," the "true and laudable service," by which we may "attain the heavenly promises," may "inherit eternal life." Long as we may dwell on this fair page, and read, in its illuminated letters, lessons of true philanthropy, of real benevolence, of works of mercy done, for love of God, to men, in that true charity which is the flower of Christianity; the other, opposite leaf, has a richer and a deeper truth to tell. It is one of those passages of Scripture, in which the reverent ingenuity of the fathers has revelled in manifold and exhaustive interpretations.

Augustine, Gregory, Basil, Jerome, Cyril, all, and following them our richer English commentators, have found here what lies not very far beneath the surface—the story of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." And our Lord stands the central figure in the parable, the only keeper of the whole Law, the Good Samaritan. The antithetic brevity of Origen's commentary gives the whole story in fewest words: "The man who descended is Adam; Jerusalem, Paradise; Jericho, the world; the thieves, the powers of evil; the priest, the Law; the Levite, the prophets; the Samaritan, Christ; the beast, the Lord's body; the inn, the Church, which receives all; the inn-keeper, the ministry; the promise to come again, the second advent of the Saviour." Adding to this these truths: Twice, in His incarnation and in His crucifixion, taking "our nature upon Him," and *taking*, that He might *take away* our sins, Christ set our half-dead humanity, stripped of its raiment of original righteousness, on His own beast, His human nature. Of the "oil and wine," the latter represents His blood shed! the juice of the grapes of "the true vine" crushed "in the wine-press of the wrath of God"; while the oil is the figure, as always, of the Holy Ghost. The "two pence" fairly represent the two great sacraments entrusted to the Church, with which to care for and to cure the race. "The more" which the inn-keeper spends are the Church's provisions of spiritual help and healing. Add these truths, and surely the story is complete, of man, fallen in Adam, and lifted up, and made "to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

And still that gracious promise of the departing Lord, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee," brings in the sweet refrain of the "heavenly promises," to be attained finally by those who do "true and laudable service" to Him. It is all of His gift that we can do anything at all. The means by which we work are given by Him; and yet to the Church, to its ministry, and its people, to every one whose "faith lives by works" and in them; there is not only that "*our* reward," which faithful service of such a master is, but besides this the thought of the second advent, the hope of the "Well done, good and faithful servant," the promised entrance "into the joy of the Lord," "When I come again I will repay thee."

WM. CROSWELL DOANE.

HONORARY DEGREES.

At the last meeting of the trustees of the General Theological Seminary, a committee consisting of the Rev. Drs. Dix and Peters, and Mr. Cambridge Livingston, presented a report, from which we take the following:

It would be difficult to name any power which has been more carelessly exercised or more grossly abused in this country than that of conferring degrees. The "Cyclopedia of Education," edited by Kiddle and Schem, for 1877, states that there are 300 chartered colleges in the United States of America which have the right to confer academic honors, and so recklessly is this privilege exercised that many approved writers maintain that degrees, as tests of real merit, have become, and must continue to be, unless the system be reformed, utterly worthless. The love of titles has been, and still is, a reproach to the American name, and a ground of ridicule on the part of other people. How deeply this vice has infected the clergy appears from the fact that every sixth ecclesiastic in our Church has a degree of Doctor of Divinity or Doctor of Laws, 540 out of the 3,272 being thus adorned. An examination of the clergy list of the Canadian Church shows that only one in eleven among them has a degree; while it is well known that in the Church of England the number of persons having the doctor's degree is so exceedingly limited that we might well blush for shame at the contrast.

It is, however, a source of congratulation that in this country men are not unwilling to undertake reform when abuses become glaring. Now that it has become evident that degrees, as commonly conferred, have no more than a nominal value, that they afford no proof of ability or merit, and that they are really worthless, except as gratifications to the vanity of the holder or his friends, a reactionary movement has commenced with a view to restore to those distinctions the substantial value which they have lost, and to secure the result that no honorary distinction shall be conferred except for well ascertained merit. As an instance of this attempt at reform, Columbia College may be referred to. The board of trustees of that institution have lately ordered that after the annual commencement of June, 1880, the degree of Master of Arts in course shall not be conferred unless upon an approved examination by examiners appointed for that purpose outside of the faculty of the college, and have taken measures to restrict the degree of doctor, whether in theology or in laws, to persons of acknowledged high standing or fame in the world of literature or science, and of generally recognized eminence among scholars, jurists, theologians, naturalists, or authorities in exact science. Such measures as these have been rendered necessary by a growing evil, and constitute the inevitable reaction against a widespread abuse.

*POPULARIZING RELIGION BY CORRUPTING IT.**

If it is the bounden duty of Christian people to guard against that enmity to all religion which may be prevalent in their own time, it is no less their duty to watch and guard against the easier, the ceaseless, and the more insidious attempts of the enemy to poison the fountains of health by changing the pure and holy truth, which alone can elevate and purify man and society, into a sensuous and senseless superstition. In this endeavor a new element of complexity arises. Appeal is made to that large liberty of opinion which the Church has ever bountifully allowed. Especially it is claimed that when a man professes to receive the traditional Creed of the Church he is entitled to unbounded license of doctrinal statement beyond.

It is, indeed, a precious truth that the Christian Faith has been sufficiently determined and stated, for the use of all the ages, in those primitive and equivalent confessions known respectively as the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. But Christian religion is more than a creed. So, certainly, all Christians have held from the beginning. It is a kingdom, a polity, a Church, and it imperatively enjoins the perpetual use of sacraments, divinely instituted, as means of grace, as seals and pledges of that grace, and as witnesses of the truth that bringeth salvation. It is well known that the degradation of these holy sacraments of Christ's institution into charms and sickly fancies, in the interests of the priestly power over superstitious imagination, was the most prominent and imposing feature of the corruption of Christianity in the middle ages. The illustrious founder of modern scepticism —David Hume—states in a notable passage of his "Natural History of Religion," the substance of his conclusions. I cite it because it administers a severe rebuke to the atheism of his later followers, and at the same time exhibits the effect upon thinking minds of the very corruptions just referred to. He says: "As the good, the great, the sublime, the ravishing, are found eminently in the genuine principles of theism; it may be expected, from the analogy of nature, that the base, the absurd, the mean, the terrifying, will be equally discovered in religious fictions and chimeras. The universal propensity to believe in invisible, intelligent power, if not an original

* From a baccalaureate sermon delivered at Kenyon College, June 23d, 1878, by the Rev. Dr. James Craik.

tinct, being at least a general attendant of man nature, may be considered a kind of ark or stamp which the Divine workman s set upon His work; and nothing, surely, n more dignify mankind than to be thus lected from all other parts of the creation, d to bear the image or impression of the eat Creator. But consult this image, as it pears in the popular religions of the world." ssays, vol. 2, page 428). If the author of is sentiment and contrast had only reflected at "the base, the absurd, the mean," "in e popular religions of the world," were ver any part of Divine revelation, but were e product of that very degeneracy of human ature which the revelation is intended to re- ove, he might have been a strong defender the faith he tried to overturn.

The conversion of the sacrament of adop- on and cleansing into the figment that there- y the priestly will and the priestly hand an exclusively bestow spiritual life upon en, the addition to the same sacrament of e conceit that the life thus bestowed, when st by sin, can be, from time to time, rein- ised by the alchemy of the confessional, ave to the priesthood a portentous power er the hearts and minds of men, injurious all the higher attributes of humanity, in oth the parties to this strange commerce. he conversion of the memorial and Eucharistic sacrifice of the passion and death of our aviour Christ into a propitiatory sacrifice of hrist himself, for the sin of the living and e dead; the change of this instituted and crificial memory—the feast of love and mmunion—into the revolting fiction that e priest can magically make out of mate- al elements, or transfuse into these ele- ents, a present God, to be worshipped un- er this material form, and then make of that od a physical repast for himself and others, such a flagrant misrepresentation of Divine velation, such an outrage to human rea- n, such a stupendous imposition upon man credulity, that man and religion are gether laid prostrate beneath the astounding retension. The effect of the prostrations of e human mind before this elaborate sys- m of ecclesiastical dogma is seen in the cility with which the latest impositions upon assive credulity from the same quarter have en received. Two lamentable results are pparent. First, the breach is indefinitely idened between the subject classes submit- ng to this imposition and the educated and inking men in every country. Second, it as given to the priesthood a resistless power er the credulous multitude, to order at will eir social, civil, and political conduct. Out these elements a vast political fabric has en constructed, inimical to the progress d to the welfare of mankind.

It has often occurred to me that this power the priesthood over the numerical majority the people—the effective influence of such appeal to the lower qualities of our nature draw and attach men to the Church and to ligion, is the half-unconscious motive that s persuaded many good and zealous men in r Church, in England and America, to put eir own reason in abeyance, and to receive d inculcate these dogmas as truth; hoping ereby to make the Gospel of salvation ac- ptable to a greater number of persons than n otherwise be enlisted under the banner of e cross. Alas! these earnest brethren fail to member that this seeming good, this ac- mmodation of the Gospel to the weak naginations of men, has been the source and moving cause of idolatry and of all apostasy in every age of the world. They forget the pregnant words of the Master in His wondrous self-consecrating prayer: "Sanctify them through Thy truth." They call not to remembrance His martyr confession before the tribunal of earthly power: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth" (St. John xvii. 17; xviii. 37).

This was the sublime mission with which the Eternal Son came into the world. And with this same holy mission His Church is sent. With this Divine truth she is charged, to keep and to preach it. This truth alone is the savor of life unto the world, the power of God unto salvation, the regenerating and purifying element in men and in society. Because the greater number of Christian people diluted, or tainted, or denied, this truth, to bring it in nearer accord with weak and corrupt nature, is the sole cause of our distinct existence as a part of the Catholic Church, reformed, chastened, and providentially called to bear witness to this truth in its integrity and fulness. It is treason to God and to mankind to adulterate this truth for the sake of increasing the influence of the Church and of religion upon the multitude. Such compliances may enlarge the number of converts and stimulate their zeal, because religion, thus adulterated, runs with, and not against, corrupt nature. But this is not the work that Christ has commissioned us to do. This is not the continuance of His testimony, nor the spirit in which he gave it. When the faithful and true Witness was in the world, the cry of the multitude was "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" Religion, in the same age, accommodated to the corrupt fancies of men, was greeted by the applauding shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." And so it has ever been. The multitude—the "Christian world"—desires and runs after a religion let down to its own standard of thought and conduct. It may be the sublime prerogative of God to save men through the truth, however corrupted by human folly. But it is blasphemous presumption for men to change into plausible falsehood the sanctifying truth committed to their keeping, in the arrogant expectation of increasing thereby its saving power. And if we, the children of the Reformation, are not faithful in bearing witness to the truth, pure and unadulterated as it was placed in our charge, then our position as a Church is intrusive, impertinent, and criminal.

ENGLAND.

A "QUIET DAY."—Corresponding with "retreats" for the clergy a movement for the benefit of the laity has been introduced, under the name of "quiet days." One of these was lately held at St. James's church, Norlands, Notting Hill, London. There was Holy Communion at 7:30 A.M., Morning Prayer at 10, special addresses at 11 and 2:30; at 5 o'clock Evensong and closing address. Previously the following "Hints for the Use of the Quiet Day" had been circulated:

1. Endeavor, if possible, to be present at the early Communion. A quiet day is a great strain upon our spiritual strength.

2. Arrange beforehand to have as much of the day as you can to yourself. Postpone unnecessary duties.

3. Make a few brief notes of the addresses, if these will assist your memory, and endeavor to remain in church after each address for silent prayer and meditation, or to go quietly home.

4. Avoid being flurried or excited. Ask God especially to keep your spirit calm. "Be still."

5. Remember that this is a day for instruction. Do not, therefore, look for happy feelings. God may give them, or He may have some hard lessons to teach.

6. Determine to make an honest effort to get your soul right with God, if you know this is necessary. Ask for this—definitely.

7. Be on your guard against Satan. He is certain to tempt you. When you feel him to be near lift up your heart at once to God.

8. Try to live the whole day in the consciousness of God's presence, God's forgiveness, God's love.

9. Give some portion of the day to—(*a*) Self-examination of your life and work for God; (*b*) Thoughtful meditation upon Jesus Christ dying on the cross.

10. Use common-sense. Do not attempt more than you are able to do. The blessing of the day will not depend upon the number of hours spent in church. Remember that God knows your bodily and spiritual strength.

11. Watch afterwards for answer to the prayers offered on the day. The blessing often comes afterwards.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—The Rev. S. B. Bathe, vicar of St. George's, Kidderminster, has met with a serious accident. While incautiously going to his bedroom without his boots, he trod on a needle standing upright in the carpet. The weight drove the needle deep into the heel, where it broke and injured the sheath of the tendon. Mr. Bathe has been laid up for three months in consequence.

LORD JAMES BUTLER.—This nobleman, whose secession from the Irish Church and uniting with the Plymouth Brethren has already been noticed, thus explains himself in the *Rock*:

I do not care to belong to any "organization," and I leave the "historical continuity" of the "Church" to such as put the voice of a bishop on an equality with that of the Saviour when on earth; who believe in apostolic succession; in the mediatorial, absolving, and regenerative power of the "priest," and in the mystery of the objective presence in the Lord's Supper, operated through Him, but springing from the "ordinal." As such things are taught by "Churchmen" in the Church of Ireland without open, straightforward rebuke, or "withstanding to the face," and are defended as being warranted by what is contained in the Book of Common Prayer—as revised—which "manual" every member of the Church of Ireland was to accept as obligatory on July 1st, I felt myself unable to do so conscientiously, and declined joining the reconstituted "Church." What "the ancient landmarks of the Faith" which I wished to do away with may be I know not. After the way which the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette* calls "the latest modern heresy," I did try, in company with others, lay and clerical—sometimes with a majority of the general synod of the Church of Ireland—to revise the Prayer Book, and bring it into closer conformity with the Bible. We failed, owing to the very peculiar system of voting. The "Church," says the *Gazette*, "stands as it always stood"—still. But she may find, as did another "Church" in whose ways so many clergy of the present day find pleasure, that, nevertheless, the world is moving, and though for a time the aesthetic and semi-idolatrous system which is now so much in vogue is permitted to delude, yet that there is a reformation spirit in the country which will eventually be roused, and will vindicate simplicity and purity of worship, if not by sweeping away that which is opposed to it, yet by severing itself from it, and reverting to the simplicity and, "with God's help," nearer to the purity of apostolic times.

A GENEROUS GIFT.—The *Record* has much pleasure in announcing that a liberal friend of the Church Missionary Society, well known for his previous gifts, has offered to transfer to the society a capital sum of £35,000, the interest to be used for special objects in the development of the native Church of India. Another friend has offered £5,000 for some special purpose not yet fixed upon.

INCIPIENT REACTION.—It appears that the essays of Mr. Petre, mentioned in this paper under the title "The Inside of a Jesuit College," are not without their influence among intelligent and thinking Roman Catholics in England. There are, in fact, signs of an incipient reaction against Ultramontanism. The *Catholic*

Gazette, an anti-Jesuit organ recently established, says: "We thank God Englishmen are not likely to approve of the Jesuit system of education, and feel the force of the old saying of the man who declared that he 'thanked God he was a Catholic, but he also thanked God that he was born and brought up in a Protestant country.' Is it not a fact that a certain percentage of Jesuit-instructed youths invariably go to the bad, and, what is more, *are far worse than bad Protestants?* We appeal to men of the world for a reply. In France it is notorious that from Voltaire downwards the worst infidels and most immoral men have been ex-Jesuit students."

AN OPPORTUNITY.—England has vast responsibilities and golden opportunities in reference to Cyprus. A correspondent of the *Church Bells* asks if it may not be hoped that the hour is nearer for the visible union of the Anglican and orthodox Greek Churches. He says: Ecclesiastically, the island of Cyprus, as the island called Britain, is independent, and if the Archbishop of Cyprus and the Archbishop of Canterbury can find terms of communion, a great step in advance will have been taken. Hence the exceeding desirableness of the Bishop of Gibraltar, if he is in any sense a suffragan of Canterbury, doing nothing which looks like an invasion of the rights of the Church of Cyprus. The overlapping of dioceses seems to be at present one of the painful necessities of the Church in some parts of Europe; but cannot a *modus agendi* be found for British chaplains and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel missionaries in Cyprus without causing anxiety to the chief pastor there, of whom a late consul speaks in such high terms? Deputations are hardly required; friendly letters from the Primate of all England are hardly sufficient; could not a George Williams be found, well versed in Arabic and fairly at home in modern Greek, in England, or Scotland, or America, who could be sent forth for a few months to explain the wishes of England's Church, and the spirit in which she carries out what she conceives to be her duty?

PERE HYACINTHE.—*Le Christianisme au XIX. Siècle* informs its readers that Père Hyacinthe is now in London, and suggests "that he seems ready to regulate his course in the only manner which appears logical." "Every one knows," says the *Christianisme*, "that he admits the Anglican Church within the number of the three Catholic Churches which have preserved the traditions which in his eyes are of necessity. Now it is certain that at present the Roman Church will not reform herself sufficiently to admit of his return to her communion. To become of the Greek Church would be no better. It remains then, not that he should become English, but that he should place himself under the direction of a committee of members of that Church, who would allow Père Hyacinthe to employ the gifts with which God has endowed him for the evangelization of France."

SCOTLAND.

BEGGING NUNS.—A meeting was recently held on Glasgow Green "to petition the magistrates to enforce the law against begging by nuns." Mr. George Hay, of the Glasgow Protestant Missionary Society, presided, and in opening the proceedings quoted from the Glasgow Police Act, 1866, the clauses prohibiting the soliciting of alms. He thereafter argued that the practice of begging by "sisters of mercy" was a contravention of the Act. The Rev. Mr. Mitchell moved the first resolution to the effect that the law ought to be impartially administered. This was seconded by Mr. M'Donald and passed without opposition. The second resolution, moved by Mr. James Murray, and seconded by Mr. Bellshaw, and which was also carried, declared that "it is not fair play to the very poor, that they should be liable to apprehension and imprisonment for seeking relief from house to house, while other beggars, those called 'sisters of mercy,' are permitted 'to make a trade of begging.'" It was afterward resolved to wait upon the lord provost and magistrates to present them with a petition, setting forth that "there is a constant violation of the law against begging from door, apparently unobserved by the police and magistrates," and "that this begging has become a nuisance, apparently connived at by lord provost and magistrates. The petition further asserts that "it is a public scandal and outrage upon the very idea of fair play, that poor, naked, hungry, shivering women should be driven away from the door and taken to the police office, while well-fed, well-clothed women, attended by a servant should be permitted to beg." The petitioners pray for the "impartial administration of the law, to put it out of the power of the Protestant poor to say, 'Papists only are permitted to beg.'" Votes of thanks to the chairman and the speakers terminated the proceedings.—*Glasgow News.*

GREECE.

ATTICA.—An article in the London *Times* upon Greece states that centuries of human unthrift and stolidity have made of Attica a torrid desert for six or seven months in the year. The savage cultivators of the soil burn their woods to fertilize the fields with their ashes. The result is that every vestige of moisture vanishes early in the Spring. Before the end of May all is parched, burnt, pulverized. A plague of goats completes the havoc. The writer adds:

"No town more bitterly rues the consequences than Athens, and no country or town, to all appearance, is less alive to the enormity of the evil, or less earnestly inclined or determined to devise a remedy. That woods could be planted everywhere around Athens, that the mountains, if protected from the goats, would again teem with vegetation up to the highest rocks, and that verdure and moisture would again be as plentiful as they were in the days of the great tragedian, no one will doubt who sees in how few years the king's garden and other plantations have sprung up to the greatest luxuriancy, and how beautifully the acacias in the Rue Amala and in other boulevards have stretched their rich boughs across the broad thoroughfares. But planting trees in the present circumstances in so hard a ground demands energy and perseverence; and it is questionable whether the Greeks, who displayed so much ardor and energy in ridding themselves of the Turks, would be capable of as much heroism and devotion in doing away with their fiendish goats. King George may take from an Athenian boor his eldest son and enlist him in the army that is to annex Thessaly and Macedonia to the Hellenic kingdom; but the sultan himself, were he to reëstablish his sway over the land, would hardly dare to touch the peasant's goat."

CYPRUS.

NIKOSIA AND ITS SACRED EDIFICES.—The interest of Englishmen now centres upon Cyprus. The papers abound in descriptive and historical articles and letters of correspondents. From some of these culled by the *Guardian* we make some selections. A correspondent of the *Daily News* thus speaks of Nikosia:

"The ground on which the city stands is sodden with the sewage of centuries. There is no fall, so that the rains when they come wash nothing away. There is not a drain in the place. All sewage that does not remain on the surface percolates into cesspools, which are never emptied, and which are almost invariably in close proximity to wells. No offal, refuse, garbage, or manure is ever removed. Let me cite the house in which I am living. It as a well-built house, as houses in Nikosia go. One looks over the railings of the gallery down on a space of which there are evidences that it was once a garden. Now there is heaped on its broken surface, amid fragments of hewn stone walls, *débris* of bricks, and stumps of trees that yet strive to clothe themselves with scanty foliage, a congeries of loathsome rottenness, on which wretched dogs bark, in which they root for scraps of garbage. In the very centre of this filth is the sunken well which supplies the establishment with water. This water is cold, delicious, and sparkling—to drink it is to imbibe diluted typhoid fever. Fortunately, other water is accessible than this well water, although the people take what is nearest to their hand. They drink the poison, and irrigate their gardens with the good, pure water."

Sir Garnet Wolseley, says the *Daily Telegraph*, has already decided that this filthy town is unfit as a station for European troops; and as it was impossible to go on any longer living in "the palace," he determined to give up the idea of remaining even temporarily in Nikosia, and to pitch a camp near the walls of a monastery a mile outside the town. Huts, it is believed, will be sent out from England to form a permanent cantonment in some station to be selected.

The *Daily News* correspondent thus describes the desecrated state of the cathedral church of Nikosia:

"Around it huddle the squalid purlieus of a Turkish slum. Fragments of the stately monuments of kings and knights are intermingled with the rubbish heaps and wretched tombstones of a Moslem cemetery, whereon dogs revel among dirt. The Gothic towers that once soared to the sky have been torn ruthlessly down, their mere stumps left standing, like the broken roots of decayed fangs, and the beautiful tracery of the fantastic window over the recessed doorway has been rent away in patches, as if by snatches of an angry hand. Alongside the broken stump of each tower uplifts itself the cruel incongruity of a Moslem minaret, built with the desecrated hewn stone of the towers. Wretched paltry metal sconces for the periodical illuminations of the Mohammedan faith deface the exquisite carved work of the recessed arch of the doorway. The slab on which once rested the effigy of a Christian knight, the inscription yet visible on its side, has been prostituted to form a threshold. Barbarous hands have stripped the interior of every stately emblem of the Christian Faith, and have substituted miserable wooden hutches, uncouthly painted in glaring colors, against which outrage on taste, as on more sacred things, the very dumb stones seem to cry out in protest. Naked is the stately recess of the altar-place; glaring whitewash is daubed over the frescoes on the walls and on the pillars; but through and over all the degradation there still calmly and incontrovertibly asserts itself the grand sublimity of the Gothic. The eye rises with relief from the trumpery fripperies grovelling around the bases of the pillars to the simple grandeur of the arches and the exquisite groining of the roof. Still from a few unshivered panes of the beautiful rose window streaks of light, like the sheen from the windows of heaven, fall, richly colored by the stained glass, on the stones whose inscriptions tell that Christians sleep below."

Another beautiful ancient Christian church, that of St. Nicholas, is now used by the Turks as a granary. But no desecration has overtaken that which is now used by the Armenians as a place of worship. Its interior is neat and modest, and every flagstone of the floor of it is the tombstone of a Christian gentleman or lady. The correspondent says:

"All those which I examined bear dates anterior to the Venetian assumption in 1485, and belong to the Lusignan era. On most of the stones are graven full-length portraits of those who lie below them. The knights wear long, bushy hair and full, short, bluff beards; they are clad in armor, and wear spurs on their heels. The ladies, whose faces are for the most part broad and short, of the Italian type, have the hair tightly braided under close-fitting caps, whence descend long veils that enwrap the body to the feet. Knights and ladies alike have their hands crossed over their breasts. The following is the most legible of the inscriptions: 'Ici jit Demoiselle Marie de Bessan, fille qui fu de Messire Gautier de Bessan, laquelle trepassa en l'age de XXVIII. ans; l'an de MCCCXXII. de Crist, a V jours de Juin. Que Dieu ait larme, amen!' The graving of the lady's face is as distinct as if it had been carved yesterday, instead of five centuries and a half ago."

CONSECRATION OF A FLAG.—According to a correspondent of the *Standard*, the British flag was recently consecrated at the Greek convent of the Virgin, about a mile outside Nikosia, and adjoining the governor's camp. Sir Garnet Wolseley and the members of his staff attended in undress uniform. A solemn mass was chanted by a choir of ecclesiastics and monks. "In a procession which was formed at the end of the mass a golden crucifix and several other sacred emblems were borne aloft. There was another service ouside the convent. On a carpeted space in front of the building stood Sir Garnet Wolseley, and close to him was a gilt throne. Some pray-

ving been offered and psalms sung, the as incensed and blessed. After the blessing g was hoisted aloft between the towers of arch by a young priest. A guard of sixty- ocrkhas presented arms, the church bells d joyously, the assembled multitude set rty and general cheers for the Queen of nd, the British nation, Sir Garnet Wolse- he lord high commissioner—the richly archimandrite leading the applause."

BOSNIA.

RAGMENT OF BOSNIAN HISTORY.—A cor- dent of the London *Standard* writing Rome gives the following curious fragment the history of Bosnia, and the still more is commentary on it which he furnishes n a source that may be relied on with the perfect confidence":

actly four hundred years ago, in 1478, the w of the last King of Bosnia (Stephen) died me. Stephen's kingdom of Bosnia had been ered in 1463 by Mohammed II., and the tunate monarch had been flayed alive by Moslem victor. His widow escaped, and took e in Rome, where she was received with honors. She assisted at the celebrated ee of 1475, in company with Ferdinand of es, Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, and sundry ex-sovereigns, who had been conquered driven from their dominions by the victor- Turk. Three years later the Queen of Bos- lied (1478); but, before doing so, she made a bequeathing her kingdom to the pope and to Roman Church in perpetuity, unless her son, had embraced Mohammedanism, should re- to the bosom of the true Church, a condition ch was very soon voided by the death of the g Bosnian prince, who was killed shortly rwards, while still professing himself a dis- of Mohammed. The will was carried to reigning pope, Sixtus IV., and the bequest e by it was duly and formally accepted by , the original document being deposited in pontifical archives, where it may be seen to day, together with the sword and spurs of recreant heir apparent, which must be sup- d to have remained in the possession of his owed mother when he became an apostate. last Queen of Bosnia had a magnificent ral in the church of the Ara Coeli, where tomb may yet be seen. A characteristic e bit of magic-lantern peep at the history the fifteenth century.

is now twelve years ago that Bishop Stross- er, whose name first became well known in ope in connection with the Oecumencial Coun- f the Vatican, remarked to a friend of mine, se accuracy of statement I can depend on, that sovereignty of Bosnia lawfully belonged to Church, in accordance with the provisions of ll made by the last sovereign, which was still xistence; and the other day an old priest, wing the person whom I have quoted to be a nd of the bishop, said to him, referring to the ent Austrian occupation: "When we have a istian sovereign in Bosnia, who knows how the Church may have her own again?" ams in all human probability, though stanger gs have come about than such a recovery of ng-lost inheritance; but it is a curious fact that Church has never during all these four cen- es lost sight of this forgotten will of the owed queen; and that not only in the city in ch she was laid to rest, but generally by the umenical Church, as is shown by Strossmay- familiar acquaintance with the fact.

CANADA.

ONTREAL—*Shawville—St Paul's Church.*—s congregation held a harvest festival on the of August. The service, in which eight rgymen took part, was very hearty. The r. Dr. Clarke, of Ottawa, delivered an eloquent non on the "Revelation Made by Facts." beautiful new church and its decorations ited the admiration of visitors from Ottawa, lmer, and other places. The service was fol- ed by a dinner in the grove, and by a concert he evening at the house of Dr. Lyon, given friends from Aylmer for the benefit of the an fund.

REDERICTON—*Foreign Missions.*—The fourth ort of the Board of Foreign Missions for the Diocese of Fredericton has been issued. During the past year the board has remitted the sum of $1,138.43 for the support of missionary operations in different parts of the world. In addition to this barrels and parcels of clothing have been forwarded through the Algoma Aid Association to the Indian homes from all parts of the diocese.

DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR MISSIONS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I have just received the following communication from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and I am sure it will receive a cordial response from the bishops, clergy, and laity of our whole Church.

B. B. SMITH, Presiding Bishop.

LAMBETH PALACE, LONDON, S. E.,
August, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD: It is generally known that the bishops from all parts assembled in conference at Lambeth agreed to recommend Tuesday before Ascension-day as on the whole the most suitable to be observed by all the branches of our Church as a day of intercession for foreign missions *after the present year*. A desire has been expressed in England that *the present year* should not be allowed to pass without a day of intercession; and I venture to suggest that, for this year only, Saturday, November 30th, or any of the following seven days, may be observed for that purpose.

It will doubtless be remembered that the Church in Tinnevelly has already made the unprecedented accession of 20,000 souls to the Church a subject of public thanksgiving. Nor does this event stand alone as an indication that the hearts of the people of India are turning to God. We cannot but regard this as a special reason for our thanksgivings and prayers this year.

I have reason to hope that the day will be generally observed in England; and it will greatly add to the solemnity of the occasion, as well as strengthen our unity in Christ, if our brethren throughout the world will unite in prayer with us. I remain,

Your faithful brother in Christ,
A. C. CANTUAR.

DEPOSITION OF BISHOP McCOSKRY.

The committee appointed to publish the proceedings of the bishops regarding the deposition of the Bishop of Michigan send us the following:

On Wednesday, August 28th, a number of the bishops met at Grace chapel, New York, upon the call of the presiding bishop. After the celebration of the Holy Communion, the roll being called, the following bishops answered to their names: The Bishops of Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Easton, Indiana, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Maine, Florida, Georgia, Virginia, Vermont, Central New York, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Northern Texas, Western Michigan, Illinois, Fond du Lac, Quincy, Springfield, and West Virginia.

A committee appointed to consider the question reported that thirty was a majority of the bishops authorized to act under the canon.

The meeting was adjourned from day to day for want of the requisite number until September 2d, when the Bishops of New Hampshire, Southern Ohio, and Northern New Jersey were present. On September 3d the Assistant Bishop of Maryland arrived also.

A letter from the Bishop of Michigan, resigning his jurisdiction and also his office as bishop, was presented by the presiding bishop.

After a full discussion and the adoption of resolutions declaratory of the rights, powers, and duties of the episcopate of a national Church in guarding its own purity, a committee presented an extended report recommending the acceptance of the resignation of the Bishop of Michigan and his deposition. The lesser Litany was then said. The report was unanimously accepted and its recommendations were adopted.

After a recess the doors of the chapel were thrown open to the public, and the presiding bishop pronounced the sentence of deposition. The meeting was then adjourned.

The following circular letter has been addressed to all the clergy:

The bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, assembled under Title I., Canon 15, Sec. XVI. [3] of the digest, and holding sessions in Grace chapel, New York city, September 2d and 3d, A. D. 1878, have instructed the undersigned to set forth and publish to the Church their action deposing Samuel Allen McCoskry from the Holy Ministry, and the sentence of deposition pronounced in said chapel on the third day of September, A. D. 1878, as follows, to wit:

WHEREAS, The Rt. Rev. Samuel Allen McCoskry, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Michigan, has, in a communication under his own proper hand, bearing date May 25th, 1878, declared that he does resign and relinquish his office as a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and has requested that this resignation and relinquishment may be acted upon by the bishops of said Church "at the earliest convenient season," "upon such length and manner of notice as may be thought best by the presiding bishop"; and,

WHEREAS, The said bishop has abandoned his disocese and left the territory of the United States while grave allegations touching his moral character existed, thereby declining to promote any investigation of the allegations aforesaid; and,

WHEREAS, No action of the said bishops in the premises, which action he has himself invoked, can make effective his voluntary resignation, relinquishment, and abandonment of his said office except by his deposition from the same; and,

WHEREAS, At a meeting of a majority of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States exercising jurisdiction in the same, convened in the city of New York, September 3d, 1878, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, to wit:

Resolved, That the said Samuel Allen McCoskry is hereby deposed from the sacred ministry and from all the offices thereof, and that the presiding bishop is hereby requested and authorized to pronounce and record sentence of deposition, and to give due notice thereof, now

Therefore, Be it known that on this 3d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, I, Benjamin Bosworth Smith, D.D., by Divine permission Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky, and Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, do, in conformity with the terms of the resolution afore recited, declare and pronounce the said Samuel Allen McCoskry deposed from the Holy Ministry and from all the offices thereof.

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

(Signed)
BENJAMIN BOSWORTH SMITH,
Bishop of Kentucky and Presiding Bishop.

Attest:
F. D. HUNTINGTON,
Bishop of Central New York.
ALEXANDER BURGESS,
Bishop of Quincy.
W. TATLOCK,
Acting Secretary of the House of Bishops.

New York, September 3d, 1878.

A PRAYER FOR SUFFERERS BY YELLOW FEVER.

GRACE CHAPEL, NEW YORK,
September 3d, 1878.

At a meeting of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, held as above, the following form of prayer was prepared, and recommended for use during the prevalence of yellow fever.

Attest: W. TATLOCK,
Acting Secretary of the House of Bishops.

PRAYER.

Almighty God, our refuge and strength in time of trouble, give ear to our prayers in behalf of Thy people who at this time are suffering under grievous sickness and mortality, and hide not Thy face from them in this season of their distress. Remember them in mercy, not in wrath, and stretch forth Thy mighty hand to stay this pestilence. Heal the sick, and deliver them not

over unto death. Cover with the shield of Thy protection all those who are exposed to danger. Strengthen the weak-hearted; comfort the bereaved and desolate; and give to them that are sorrowful beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Bestow Thy blessing upon those at home and abroad who minister to the relief of the afflicted. Sanctify this visitation to the good of this whole nation, humbling our hearts, binding us in sympathy one with another, and by Thy grace making us a people serving God and working righteousness. So may we live to honor Thy name and extol Thy mercy; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PRESSING NEEDS OF OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

Nearly seven years ago, when the missions of our Church among the Indians were put in charge of the Indian Commission, its executive committee adopted the plan of making remittances monthly, and, as far as possible, in advance, to the missionaries, catechists, teachers, etc., in the field. The justness of this arrangement is found in the fact that these remittances convey to the respective recipients not a mere stipend supplementing aid received from other sources, but their entire support. The laborers in this Indian mission had and have nothing besides these remittances to depend on.

The contributions of the Church, year by year, to this branch of her mission work, have enabled the committee to adhere to the considerate rule which it adopted at the outset. It is true there have been periods, as, for example, in the latter part of the Summer season, when offerings are usually light, during which the payments to the missionaries could not be made until the close of the month; and in a few instances remittances for one month have been delayed until the early part or middle of the month following. But, on the whole, the plan of monthly remittances has been steadily pursued, greatly to the convenience and comfort of the men and women to whom they were sent.

The anxiety of the committee and the distress of the missionaries will be understood therefore at once when it is stated that, owing to lack of funds, no later remittances have been made than those for the month of June. Eleven white and ten native clergy, ten native catechists, and fifteen ministering women are yet to receive, for the months of July and August, what they have been promised, and what they so sorely need. The sum of at least three thousand dollars for each of these two months is required to meet the obligations due these faithful laborers in our Indian mission field.

A statement like this surely needs not a word of comment, but makes its own appeal to the hearts of the members of our Church.

Offerings in this behalf are earnestly solicited and may be sent to Lloyd W. Wells, Esq., No. 22 Bible House, or to the secretary of the Indian Committee, the Rev. R. C. Rogers, No. 32 Bible House, New York.

MAINE.

ANNUAL CONVENTION.—The fifty-ninth annual convention of the Church in this diocese met in the cathedral, at Portland, on Tuesday, September 3d. In the absence of the bishop, who was detained by the late meeting of the bishops in New York until the afternoon of that day, the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. Canon Hayes, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Alger, Washburn, Upjohn, and Leffingwell, and the convention sermon delivered by the Rev. Henry R. Pyne. The Rev. Mr. Alger presided at the organization of the convention. Eighteen of the clergy and lay deputies from twelve parishes were present. The Rev. Charles W. Hayes was unanimously chosen secretary.

At the afternoon session the bishop read his annual address, which gave an account of the condition and work of the diocese every way encouraging, considering the long-continued depression by which a missionary diocese like Maine is especially and severely tried. If its missionary work has been slow, it has not stopped, nor fallen behind in any respect. The bishop spoke with much feeling of the severe losses sustained by the diocese as well as himself in the death of Judge Howard and Judge Shepley, of Portland, and Mr. John Caswell, of New York, all of whom were not only warm personal friends, but efficient helpers in his work. The consecration of the cathedral last Fall, involving the extinguishment of a debt of over $35,000, and the proposed transfer of its whole property from the parish which had erected it to the diocese, was a special subject of congratulation.

The bishop's visitations in the diocese had been about the same as in the previous year. Three deacons had been admitted to the priesthood; three more clergymen were at work, two of them on hitherto unoccupied ground; a very complete and tasteful chapel had been opened for service in the promising mission of Waterville, and a beautiful stone church erected at Mount Desert; two other churches had been consecrated, and 120 persons confirmed. The diocesan school for girls, St. Catharine's, at Augusta, had been maintained, and done a good work under great difficulties from want of proper endowment and support, and had every prospect of doing still better for the coming year.

Mr. George E. B. Jackson presented and read the instrument of donation of the cathedral, with a request of the vestry now holding the property for a committee of the convention to act with them in obtaining a charter for a cathedral corporation. The Rev. Messrs. Hayes and Upjohn, and Messrs. Bridge, Ingalls, and Gardiner, were appointed this committee, with full powers.

Passing over some routine business which filled the remaining hour of the afternoon, and a choral service and missionary meeting in the evening, we mention only the more important business of Wednesday. First of all was the final adoption of the new constitution of the diocese, which has been for five years under consideration, and the passing of an important canon on missionary organization. By both of these the organized missions, which for ten years past have mostly taken the place of what would be new and feeble parishes, are placed on the same ecclesiastical footing with incorporated parishes, are equally under the control of the convention in regard to admission to and forfeiture of representation in that body, and have an equal participation in its legislation—the parish by its deputies, the mission by its warden. The property of these missions (now considerable in amount, as they are two thirds as many in number as the parishes) is held in all cases by the diocese through its incorporated trustees, and thus secured against all the chances and mischances of Church work in new places. Their missionaries are appointed, on the bishop's nomination, by the board of missions, which includes all the clergy of the diocese and lay members from all the parishes and missions. And a mission can at any time become an incorporated parish, and elect its own rector, if it has a church building, by assuming its own support.

By the new constitution, lay deputies must be communicants, or if the election of communicants is impracticable, stated worshippers in the parish. The secretary and treasurer, though elected annually, are made permanent officers "of the diocese," not of the convention merely, and hold office until their successors are chosen. The registrar of the diocese is a permanent officer appointed by the bishop. After quite a full discussion of the history and condition of the diocesan funds, the Standing Committee of the diocese was directed to take measures, in its discretion, for a better provision for the support of the episcopate.

The committtee on the revision of the diocesan canons, of which the bishop is chairman, was continued, to report progress to the next convention.

Officers were elected as follows: Treasurer of the Diocese, James T. M'Cob, of Portland, who is also treasurer of the Episcopate Fund; Standing Committee, the Rev. Messrs. Charles W. Hayes (Portland, president), William J. Alger, and William H. Washburn, and Messrs. Geo. E. B. Jackson (Portland, secretary), Henry Ingalls, and S. T. Corser.

Col. John Hamilton and Mr. J. H. M'Mullan were chosen to fill two vacancies in the list of supplemental deputies to the general convention.

The nomination of a trustee of the General Theological Seminary was postponed to the next convention, which is appointed to be held at the cathedral on the third Tuesday in September, 1879, two weeks later than heretofore. A Sunday-school meeting was held on Wednesday evening, and was opened by a very full and admirable paper by the Rev. Mr. Alger, which, at the suggestion of the bishop, is to be published.

A pleasant reception at the bishop's house ended a day of as good practical work as has been done by a convention of the diocese for many years.

BISHOP'S VISITATION.—On Saturday, August 10th, the bishop of the diocese completed a visitation of the missions of Aroostook county, begun on Monday, July 15th, in which he was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Parke, of Central New York, and travelled about 600 miles, mostly by wagon, and officiated twenty times. The bishop's visits were generally to places in which there is no resident clergyman, and there were no candidates for confirmation, but the bishop administered baptism several times.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BETHLEHEM—*Visit of the Bishop of Rochester.*—The Lord Bishop of Rochester, better known as Dr. Anthony Thorold, has been spending some weeks in the White Mountain region, having officiated for two Sundays in the church at Bethlehem, and afforded the sojourners in that vicinity a rare treat by his sermons. It is expected that he will soon visit less remote parts of the country, where he will doubtless receive the welcome to which his writings and his high character entitle him.

RHODE ISLAND.

DIOCESAN STATISTICS.—The Journal of the last convention gives the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 44; deacons, 2), 47; parishes, 44; churches and chapels, 45; mission stations, outside of parishes, 6; ordinations to the diaconate, 2; to the priesthood, 2; candidates for Holy Orders, 2; baptisms (infants, 663; adults, 281), 944; confirmed, 614; communicants, 5,985; marriages, 245; burials, 546; Sunday-school teachers and officers, 730; pupils, 6,331; contributions—for missionary and charitable purposes, $37,131.10; for parish purposes, $102,439.53; total, $139,570.63.

CONNECTICUT.

PRAYER FOR SOUTHERN SUFFERERS.—The bishop of the diocese has issued the following circular letter:

DIOCESE OF CONNECTICUT,
September 5th, 1878.

To the Rev. the Clergy of the Diocese of Connecticut:

DEAR BRETHREN: I hereby license, and affectionately recommend for use in this diocese, the prayer lately set forth by the bishops assembled at New York. Copies of the prayer are to be sent to the clergy.

Let our earnest cry go up to God in behalf of our stricken and suffering brethren, and let not our alms fail to accompany our prayer.

Affectionately your friend and servant in the Lord. J. WILLIAMS.

FAIRFIELD COUNTY ARCHDEACONRY.—All communications for the secretary and treasurer of this archdeaconry should be addressed to the Rev. Louis French, Noroton, Conn.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*Chapel of the Holy Comforter.*—This mission for seamen still prospers in the work it has undertaken, in bringing a large number of the men of the sea under the influence of Gospel teaching on the Lord's day, and in furnishing them with religious reading, by the distribution among them of Bibles, Testaments, Prayer Books, and miscellaneous religious books which are both interesting and instructive, and for which they appear to be sincerely grateful.

On Monday evening, September 2d, a handsomely fitted up reading-room was opened with appropriate services, and a number of these men were present, and participated in the exercises with much apparent interest. It is the purpose of those who have the mission in charge to open the reading-room daily (Sundays excepted), and to furnish those who visit it with such moral, religious, and literary reading as will improve

r minds and increase their knowledge of gious, literary, and scientific truths, that y may be better prepared to fulfil the duties their position. But in order to do this the st effectually it will be necessary to have the rary as thoroughly furnished with books and iodicals as possible; and all friends of the sion, and all who feel interested in the wel- e of those who "go down to the sea in ps," are earnestly requested to assist in the rk by contributing to the library such books l magazines as they may be able to spare, and y consider suitable for the purpose. Such ntributions may be sent to the reading-room, . 90 Barrow street, to the care of the mission- y and superintendent, the Rev. H. Floy berts.

GLENHAM AND FISHKILL.—On Sunday morn- g, September 1st, the Bishop of Springfield, cing for the Bishop of New York, preached in free church of St. John the Baptist, Glen- n; and in the afternoon in the church of the ly Trinity, Fishkill. In the evening he con- med in the church at Glenham, which was ed to overflowing, thirteen persons, who were esented by the Rev. Mr. Lassiter, minister in arge for the Summer. After a few earnest rds the bishop dismissed the confirmed with a ssing. The Rev. Dr. Shelton and the Rev arence Buel were present.

STATEN ISLAND—*Church of the Holy Com- rter.*—This church is situated at Eltingville, in e centre of a beautiful rural district which is cupied mostly by the families of gentlemen ose business is in New York. The building is ruciform, very neat and attractive. The rector the Rev. Frederick M. Gray, who has main- ned an earnest and useful ministry with the rish of more than five years. He was at one ne professor in Hobart College. The inci- ntal expenses of the church are met by the velope system of offerings, but pews are also nted annually. The Sunday-school meets at 'clock, on Sundays Divine worship is held at :30 and 7:30. Mr. Gray also conducts a mis- n at Tottenville, in which he has met with couraging success. He superintends his Sun- y-school. He has been especially careful to velop the musical gifts of his people, and as a sult the services are rendered with a taste sel- m equalled in a country parish. There has en some loss to the parish by the removal of milies whose places have not yet been made od, but still the work is well sustained.

LONG ISLAND.

OYSTER BAY—*Christ Church.*—The new church as opened for Divine service on the morning the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, September h. On the morning of the Thirteenth Sunday af- r Trinity the Bishop of Springfield will officiate d deliver the sermon. The new choir will appear their surplices on the 15th for the first time. A om has been fitted up in the rectory to accom- odate the wants of the different parish socie- es. As soon as possible after the return of the shop of the diocese from Europe the church ill be consecrated.

NEW JERSEY.

CONVOCATION OF BURLINGTON.—This convoca- on, comprising the clergy and parishes in the ven southern counties of the diocese, held its gular quarterly session on September 3d in St. ary's church, Burlington, the Rev. Dr. Hills, e dean, presiding. Between twenty and thirty the clergy and lay delegates were in attend- nce. In the morning the dean celebrated the oly Communion, the sermon being delivered y the Rev. Mr. Pettit. In the evening mission- ry addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. erkins and Duane and the Rev. Dr. Weld. The usiness sessions were held in the Sunday-school oom, where reports on Church work were made; nd a discussion followed an essay on "The ector as a Man of Business." The following nnouncements were made for the meeting in ecember: Place—Trinity church, Swedesboro; reacher—the Rev. T. M. Reilly; Alternate—the ev. W. M. Reilly; Essayist—the Rev. N. Pettit; lternate—the Rev. E. G. Nock.

BURLINGTON—*The Church Schools.*—The forty- econd academic year of St. Mary's Hall will egin on Wednesday, September 18th.

The trustees of Burlington College are looking for a suitable person to take the headship of that institution.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Holy Trinity.*—The report of the parochial committee of this church for the year ending May 1st, 1878, shows that there are connected with the Sunday-schools 139 officers and teachers and 1,929 scholars; the Dorcas Society sold and gave away 1,772 garments, shoes, etc.; the church library contains over 1,600 volumes; the Working Men's Club has also been a great success with its free reading-room; the work of the Memorial chapel and schools for the past year has been full of encouragement; the congregations have been large, and the Sunday-schools and Bible classes have been in a thriving condition, numbering 999 teachers and scholars. The contributions during the year amounted to $49,733.59.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee, held on Tuesday, September 3d, application was received from Mr. George D. Stroud, and Mr. George Calvin Hall, late a minister of the "Reformed Church in the United States," for recommendation to the bishop as candidates for Holy Orders. A like application was granted to Mr. Edward F. Burnside, and the required testimonial was signed by the committee.

WEST VIRGINIA.

ESTABLISHMENT OF NEW MISSIONS. — The Bishop of West Virginia has lately visited a number of towns and villages lying along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, where some persons might have thought there was "nobody to visit," and the result of this first visitation will probably be the establishment of two missionaries, who will minister in about ten towns, containing from four hundred to two thousand inhabitants each. Of the $1,400 required for their support about $1,100 has been pledged to the bishop by persons living on the ground.—*Southern Churchman.*

MISSISSIPPI.

GRENADA—*The Work of the Pestilence.*—A Rochester (N. Y.) journal publishes a portion of a private letter from a clergyman at Jackson, in this diocese, regarding the course of the yellow fever in its vicinity, from which the following is taken, describing the condition of Grenada and the devotion of the Rev. Mr. McCracken, of All Saints' parish:

Poor Grenada two weeks ago was a flourishing little town of some 3,000 people. Now it is almost blotted out of existence. It was a pretty place, full of flowers, with many pretty houses, nicely kept grounds, many happy families, and full of generosity—for when the fever became bad in New Orleans and the people there began to seek refuge and were quarantined out of many places, the people of Grenada held meetings and sent an invitation to New Orleans telling the panic-stricken people there to come to them. They opened every house, provided against extortion, and subjected themselves to crowding and all annoyance—not for profit, but for humanity. The yellow fever had never visited Grenada, and they were confident that it could not gain a foothold among them. But one Sunday morning they were struck as if by lightning. Before Monday morning many were dead. On the next Sunday there were but fourteen well white persons left, and now but five or six. Even the nurses and physicians sent from Memphis and New Orleans fell victims, and some of them, though long accustomed to the disease, fled in terror. Many died through lack of attention. In two houses, close together, lived two families, one of seven and one of nine persons. Some were taken sick, then others, and finally all of both families, and when discovered the next day it was too late to do more than close their eyes and bury them. One gentleman living in Holly Springs heard that some of his father's family were sick and hastened to them. There were eleven in that family. Before four o'clock the next day he had laid out seven with his own hands without help.

There were three brothers, bankers, with families, named Luke, all good Churchmen, whose families are utterly extinct, not one left alive. This is not yellow fever—it is the plague. Within an hour after death the bodies turn black. The negroes suffer terribly. Sometimes they are taken sick on the street, and turn and lie down on the nearest porch and die there. They will not help each other. The brother forsakes the sister, and the wife her husband and children among them. Those among them who are well suffer from hunger. They are laborers and mechanics, and depend upon their daily wages. But all work is stopped, all stores closed. In trouble they always turn to the whites, and never in vain. The Howard Association supports them, nurses them, and buries them, when they will do nothing for each other.

Among the few left in Grenada is the Rev. W. C. McCracken, deacon in charge of the parish there. Honor his name, for young as he is, he has done and is doing a noble and glorious work there—the only clergyman, I believe, who has the courage to stay and do his duty, and it is no small thing, when every one—every one—in Grenada taken with the disease, has died. Even the great plague in London was not so virulent as this, for a large proportion then recovered.

NORTHERN TEXAS.

ANNUAL STATISTICS.—The Journal of the last annual convocation of the Church in this jurisdiction gives the following statistics: Clergymen canonically resident (bishop, 1; priests, 7), 8; candidates for Holy Orders, 2; lay-readers, 8; baptisms (infants, 71; adults, 24; not specified, 17), 112; confirmations, 110; communicants, 968; marriages, 32; burials, 44; Sunday-school teachers, 53; pupils, 405; families, 355; individuals not included in families, 364; corner-stones laid, 2; churches consecrated, 4; parishes, 9; organized missions, 5; other missions, 23; contributions, $14,275.21.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS—*The Yellow Fever.*—The following is an extract from a letter to the Bishop of Mississippi received some days since, describing the condition of the city at that time:

"I have tendered my services to the Rev. Dr. Harris, and under his directions render such assistance as I can; and knowing the deep interest you feel in this diocese, which is so closely identified, temporally as well as spiritually, with us of Mississippi, I have concluded to write you a few lines and try to give you some idea of the condition of this devoted city; but words fail me in the attempt to describe it. I have seen the horrors of war, but never anything like this. Strong men who were plying their daily avocations yesterday are buried to-day. In one house was found an infant lying naked on the bed, its face all stained with the black vomit, while the mother lay on a couch near by, delirious with the fever, and the dead father on the floor. Two parents died with none around the deathbed, but six little children, too young to realize their condition. The ties of common humanity, aye, even the sacred bonds of filial affection, are riven asunder by the terrors of this dark hour. A father and son leave the mother and sister to their fate and flee for their lives. A creature wearing the form of man fled to Brownsville on some pretext of business, leaving his wife and children to the mercy of the destroyer; the mother and three of the children were stricken down with the fever, and twelve hours afterward the mother died, giving birth to a still-born babe, with no one by to comfort or minister to her save the helpless, frightened little ones who had barely sense enough to call the passers-by; and when advised of the condition of his family the cowardly wretch refused to come to them. For the honor of humanity, however, I am glad to say these are exceptional cases.

"But even in this dismal hour we have somewhat to be thankful for. Two of our clergy, the Rev. Dr. George C. Harris, dean of St. Mary's cathedral, and the Rev. Charles C. Parsons, rector of Grace church—noble soldiers of Christ—remain at their post day and night, glorifying the Master's name by faith and works; and, so far, no call has gone unanswered. But we must come with deep humility and earnest prayer to the throne of grace for faith to look ahead; the

pestilence has but begun, and, when we bear in mind the long, weary weeks of suffering and gloom that must surely come, the prospect is dark indeed. There is a limit to human endurance; and the two Christian heroes may not have strength to hold up to the end, even now it is beginning to tell on them. What if they are stricken down! Who will minister to God's poor when they are gone? Who will go with the poor sick souls to the portals of the grave, and let them depart with the peace of God which passeth all understanding? Many of the duties which now devolve on them could be performed by others, their burdens lightened in many ways, had they means to employ assistants to serve tables, while they give themselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word. Thus their usefulness might be prolonged, perhaps, to the end, to the comfort and saving of many. And so it comes to pass that gold may be weighed against a human soul. Think of it! The price of an hour's pleasure might send salvation to an immortal soul, which would bear glorious testimony in that day when our Lord shall make up His jewels. In this view of it, the people of God will surely feel constrained to give something—even though it be but a mite—to 'stay up the hands' of His ministers in this day of our awful visitation.

"And the Sisters of St. Mary are doing a blessed work. Silent and unseen, like the dew of heaven, their charity falls among the poor, dispensing more blessings than many whose acts are blazoned abroad in the daily papers. Night and day they go about doing good—not to be seen of men, but for the Master's sake—and they will have their reward when He cometh and calleth for them. But even they and our dear Church Home have not been spared. Sister Frances and two of the children were stricken down last week, though I am thankful to say their cases have yielded to treatment, and they are convalescent. The infirmary has been isolated, and it is hoped that this will prevent the further spreading of the disease there. But this entails additional labor and expense. So you see that everywhere and in every aspect help is needed.

"Of those who cannot contribute of this world's goods—and of course there are many such—we ask prayers. And in this connection is it too great presumption in me to ask a special form of prayer? We are bowed to the earth with sorrow upon sorrow, and would come in a special manner with humble submission, and love, and faith to the throne of grace, beseeching our Almighty and Most Merciful Father to stay His chastening hand."

Death of the Rev. Charles C. Parsons.—On Wednesday evening, September 4th, the Rev. C. C. Parsons, rector of St. Lazarus's church, died of yellow fever, after a brief illness. Mr. Parsons had shown great devotion in his ministrations to the sick and suffering in this plague-stricken city, from the first appearance of the epidemic, and has laid down his life a faithful martyr to his blessed work.

Mr. Parsons was a graduate of West Point, of the class of 1861, and at the close of the late war had become famous as Colonel Parsons, commander of Parsons' Battery of the Fourth United States Artillery. His fame was acquired at the battle of Perryville, where he commanded the artillery brigade under General Alexander MacDowell McCook, and where he won two brevets. After the war he served with distinguished gallantry in command of a battery on the frontier, where he was stationed under General Custer, and was afterward made an instructor at West Point. While occupying this position he resigned his connection with the army and entered the ministry. He was in charge of the church of the Holy Innocents, Hoboken, N. J., for some time, from which place he came to this city.

KENTUCKY.

MOUNT STERLING—*Church of the Ascension.*—The Rev. J. S. Johnston, of this church, writes to the *Kentucky Church Chronicle* as follows:

Please let our friends know that we have fourteen windows without any glass in them, which are filled at present with cotton cloth, painted, and which are very good Summer windows, but are rather cool for Winter. And tell them that ten dollars will fill a window plainly, but neatly. Could you not find in the diocese just ten righteous persons who would agree to put in a window a piece? We should be glad of help in purchasing a stove. We think one large anthracite coal stove will warm the church nicely. Will you please bring these matters before the Church in the diocese? It may be they will give heed to the voice of a city rector. The country parson, working on the outskirts and at the front, seems not to be able to touch the sympathies of those who dwell at ease in Zion.

ILLINOIS.

LA GRANGE—*Emmanuel Church.*—This new stone church is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be ready for consecration.

BROOKLYN—*Emmanuel Church.*—This church is being enlarged by the addition of a chancel. It is a free church and has a boy-choir of twenty-six voices.

CHICAGO—*The Cathedral.*—Bishop McLaren announced, in his sermon on the second Sunday in August, that the cathedral was now ready for consecration, being free from all encumbrances and out of debt; but thought it desirable, before consecration, to renew the interior decorations upon the wall, and to place in the chancel an altar more dignified in character, and of more permanent material; and he trusted the faithful would be prompted to assist in the good work.

Commemoration of the Late Bishop Whitehouse.—The annual commemoration service for Bishop Whitehouse was held in the cathedral on Sunday, August 11th, being the nearest Sunday to the anniversary of his death, August 10th, 1874. Bishop McLaren made an appropriate allusion to the commemoration in his sermon, and the choir sang the hymns and anthems used at his funeral. The Litany desk, a memorial of the late bishop, was gracefully adorned with flowers, rare lilies and smilax. The altar and font were in like manner decorated, the flowers being a gift from St. John's, Naperville, from which parish Canon Knowles came to the cathedral, now eleven years since. The service *In Memoriam* was well rendered and deeply felt. Death set the seal to the fame of the great prelate, and it is realized more and more that he was "a great man and a prince in our Israel."—*The Province.*

MINNESOTA.

THE INDIANS AT RED LAKE.—The Rev. J. A. Gilfillan writes: "At Red Lake, eighty miles from White Earth, towards the British line, live 1,200 full-blood Chippewa Indians. They are particularly favorably situated for the reception of the Gospel. They are very quiet, peaceable, and industrious. They have never been fed by the government, but make their own living by fishing, and farming a little. The Rev. Fred Smith, Indian deacon, has been laboring among the 800 of them who live on this side the lake, for the past year and a half, with good success. Last year he presented a class of eight converts to Bishop Whipple for confirmation, and he has a similar number ready this year. But here comes in the great need; we have no church nor building of any kind in which to hold service. Thus everything is done at a great disadvantage. At present service is held in the government schoolhouse, but we do not know when we may be turned out of that. As it is we can only get it for *one* service on the Lord's day. And there is nothing keeps the Indians back like seeing no buildings of any kind. They think that while that is the case the missionaries may be withdrawn at any moment, and leave them once more alone. A neat church building would incline their minds strongly to become Christians.

"We need very much a neat church, to cost $1,200, and we want our friends to help. A good friend of Indian missions in York, Pa., has promised the bell. Even now there are twenty Indians who meet at the week evening services, and there is no clergyman of any other religious body nearer than eighty miles; so one can see what a fine field it is for a mission to our *home heathen.* The Rev. Mark Hart, Indian deacon, just ordained by Bishop Whipple, has gone there to help the Rev. Fred Smith; so the work will receive a great impetus if we can only have the church. No people have a greater appreciation of the beautiful than they; they know the difference between worshipping God in a house dedicated to His name and in a school-house that looks like a barn. There are no adverse influences, and I believe there is no mission field where a larger harvest can speedily be gathered in, if our friends will only help us to build the church.

"Again, on the farther side of the lake live 400 poor heathen Indians in African darkness. They are cut off from all the world, and have rarely seen a white man. Being there a few days ago, and seeing their degraded state, the rude images they worship hanging in the midst of their village, suspended from posts; their dead raised on scaffolding; their degraded way of living generally, make one realize how sorely they need the Gospel. By the direction of Bishop Whipple I went with the two newly ordained Indian deacons who are to go there to labor among them, the Rev. John Coleman and the Rev. George Smith, and selected the site for the mission buildings, and now all we want is the modest sum of $200 to build and finish a log-house for these two clergy and the wife of the one who is married to live in, and one hundred dollars to put up a log-house for church and school-house, where they can assemble the Indians on Sundays and preach to them, and teach the children on week-days.

"We do not want to put up expensive buildings, but the plainest we can possibly get along with. Here stand the three Indian deacons just ordained, burning to go there and begin their work in that benighted field, but a field that is white to the harvest; full of zeal, full of faith, and full of love; all they want is a roof to shelter their heads, and a place in which they can proclaim God's great name and the love of a crucified Redeemer to such undone souls as those. By contributing the few hundreds needed we can set them about their angelic task. Shall we not take pity on the 1,200 poor perishing souls at Red Lake, and do it? This appeal is made with the sanction of the bishop. Contributions may be sent to Bishop Whipple, Faribault, Minn., or to the Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, White Earth, Minn.

DAKOTA.

FARGO—*The Recent Tornado.*—The Rev. Herbert Root writes:

On last Sunday, August 25th, I visited Fargo, Dakota Territory, at the request of the Rev. A. J. Graham, deacon in charge, to administer the Holy Communion to the people there. I found the church edifice, the partial destruction of which by a tornado was recently announced in THE CHURCHMAN, restored to its former position, placed on a good substantial brick foundation, and in all respects looking better than before, though I learned that sufficient money had not yet been raised to pay for these necessary repairs. The congregation assembled both morning and evening was very encouraging, and the attendance at Holy Communion was large. I found the people working enthusiastically with their rector, and the future prospects particularly bright.

But God's ways are not our ways, for on the very next day (Monday, August 26th) Fargo was again visited by the most terrible tornado and hail-storm it was ever my lot to witness. A large number of buildings, business houses, dwellings, and outhouses were literally blown to shreds. Others were blown from their foundations, unroofed, or twisted and wrenched out of shape by the violence of the storm, while the hail broke every pane of glass exposed to its violence on the north and west sides of the buildings. By the mercy of God no human lives were lost, though a score of persons were badly bruised, and several horses and mules were killed.

The church was absolutely ruined. It was lifted eleven feet from its foundation, many of the timbers were cracked, the joints all strained or broken, the belfry and cross blown off, and the whole building left in such a ruined and dismantled condition, that it is universally conceded that it cannot possibly be repaired. What the bishop and Church people at Fargo will try to do I cannot say, but I am sure they deserve our fullest sympathy and assistance. With their church in ruins, and a small debt (necessarily incurred for repairs after the former tornado), their condition is truly discouraging. Yet Fargo is one of the most important points in the whole South-west, situated as it is in the heart of the great wheat-growing region of the Red River Valley. It

would in my judgment be a fatal blunder to permit the work in Fargo to be discontinued, even temporarily, on account of this distressing loss. Whatever measure may be suggested, I bespeak for the Fargo church the generous sympathy of all the household of faith.

CALIFORNIA.

BERKELEY—*Consecration of the Church of the Good Shepherd.*—On the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, August 11th, the bishop of the diocese consecrated this church (the Rev. A. A. McAlister, rector) to the worship of Almighty God, delivering the sermon. The bishop was assisted in the service by the rector, the Rev. Dr. McElroy, and the Rev. Messrs. G. W. Mayer, F. O. Barstow, and G. H. Watson. The instrument of donation was read by the Rev. Mr. McAlister, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Dr. McElroy. The music was led by Mr. Arno Wilson, assisted by Professor Marsh and the choir of St. Peter's church, San Francisco.

The church is of English Gothic design, 26 by 57 feet on the ground, with a tower and spire at one corner 80 feet high, and a seating capacity of 212. The walls are 16 feet high, with an open timber roof, the timbers being cased in red-wood, and the ceilings of white pine. The inside is finished with red-wood, varnished. The recessed chancel is not yet constructed, but a temporary robing room and choir are arranged in the nave of the church. The altar, pulpit, lectern, etc., are designed for the church in a Gothic style; the windows are in small quarries, and it is expected that finer windows of stained glass will take their place in the future, which, with the proposed frescoing, will make a very attractive interior. The exterior is well proportioned and makes a very picturesque appearance. The walls are buttressed, the gables surmounted by Gothic crosses; the windows all have lancet heads; the colors are very pleasing, and when the fences and grounds are completed the edifice will be the chief ornament of the town. The church was designed and supervised by Mr. Charles L. Bugbee, architect, and constructed by Mr. G. W. French. The building committee consisted of the rector and Messrs. Frank Heywood and A. Rammelsberg.

DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY.

The Rev. William S. Sayres, recently ordained deacon, left New York on Monday evening, September 9th, for San Francisco, from which place he sails, on the 1st of October, for his field of labor in China. On the previous day, in Jamaica, N. Y., his birthplace, he delivered in the morning his first sermon in Grace church. In the evening, in the same church, a missionary service was held. The meeting was addressed by Commander Matthews, of the U. S. N., who gave the results of his personal observation of mission work in China. His testimony was highly flattering to the zeal, fidelity, and success of the laborers in that field. The Rev. G. W. Smith, the rector of the church, read some complimentary resolutions of the vestry, accompanying which was a purse of $270 in gold. It was also announced that the children of the Sunday-school had assumed the support of a scholarship in the missionary college, China, to be known as the Mary Regina Sayres (in memoriam) scholarship.

On Monday, in Calvary chapel, New York, about thirty-five friends assembled at a parting service to bid farewell to the missionary and his wife. Among those present was the Rev. George Sayres, a venerable uncle of the young missionary. The Holy Communion was administered by the Rev. G. W. Smith, of Jamaica, and the Rev. S. W. Sayres, of Rockaway.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. C. N. Allen's address is Post-office box 560, Denver, Col.

The Rev. J. T. Beckwith's address is New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. E. C. Cowan, lately of Eureka, has entered upon the rectorship of Grace church, Suisun, Cal.

The Rev. Albert Danker's address, during his vacation, will be care of Gen. Neill, United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

The Rev. H. M. Denslow's address is Fair Haven, Conn.

The Rev. Dr. T. Stafford Drowne's address is Garden City, Queens county, N. Y.

The Rev. Ralph Hoyt's address is Eighty-first street and Park avenue, New York city.

The Rev. S. Russell Jones has resigned the rectorship of the church of the Holy Saviour, New York city. Address Rye, Westchester county, N. Y.

The Rev. J. N. Lee has removed from Athens to Portsmouth, O. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Dr. Robert McMurdy has been elected to the rectorship of Christ church, Joliet, Ill.

The Rev. Walter H. Moore, of Napa, Cal., has accepted an appointment from the Bishop of Springfield to work in his diocese.

The Rev. W. C. Powell, of St. Peter's church, San Francisco, has been elected to the rectorship of Trinity church, Nevada.

The Rev. D. W. Rhodes has returned to Cincinnati, and as local secretary of the coming Church congress, will answer inquiries regarding that organization.

The Rev. James L. Scott has entered on the rectorship of Trinity church, Bristol, Conn. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Dr. J. A. Spencer has returned from England, and has entered on his duties in the College of the City of New York.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

MARRIED.

In Christ church, Little Rock, Ark., August 29th, by the Rt. Rev. H. N. Pierce, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Arkansas, assisted by the Rev. T. C. Tupper, the Rev. FRANK B. GILBERT, B.D., rector of St. John's, Fort Smith, and LIZZIE CAMP, youngest daughter of Wm. J. and Susan B. Darden, of Washington, D. C.

DIED.

In New Haven, Conn., September 2d, Mrs. MARTHA B. MAVETT, aged 82, widow of the late Philip Mavett, Esq., formerly of Boston.

At New Orleans, on Saturday, August 31st, of malignant yellow fever, J. WATTS, eldest son of J. Watts and Sarah H. Kearny, aged 10 years and 1 month.

"Another gem in the Saviour's crown,
Another soul in heaven."

In Enosburgh Falls, Vt., August 29th, CATHERINE FRANCES, wife of the Rev. Homer White, aged 37 years.

Entered into rest at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Friday, the 30th of August, 1878, JOHN CHISLETT, in the 48th year of his age. A much esteemed member of St. John's church.

Shot and killed, in Cumberland, Md., August 30th, 1878, ANDREW HOOTON BLACKISTON, of that place, and son of David C. Blackiston, of Kent county, Md. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

OBITUARY.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., on Friday, August 30th, Mrs. MARGARET C. SHOENBERGER, wife of Mr. John H. Shoenberger.

In the death of Mrs. Shoenberger the mourning will extend far beyond the limits of family, social, and parish relations. Many there are, widely scattered, to whom the announcement will recall one who was preëminently distinguished for some of the noblest traits of character which mark the true woman, the refined lady, the gentle-minded Christian. After an unusually long and happy married life of near half a century, she was called to bear a most trying sickness, but which served only to bring more prominently forth the strong faith that was her trust, and to show to those who ministered to her an example of unbroken patience, and meek submission. For those who knew her no words of eulogy are needed. She is of the dead in the Lord who rest from their labors, and whose works follow them. All who knew, and loved, and honored her will unite in the sentiment and prayer of the following minute adopted by the vestry of the church of which her husband is the senior warden, and which was to her the most sacred place and dearest earthly sanctuary.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the vestry of Trinity church, held the 2d inst., the following minute was unanimously adopted:

TRINITY PARISH, September 2d, 1878.

The rector, junior warden, and vestry of Trinity church desire herewith to express their unfeigned sorrow for the heavy affliction of their honored associate, the senior warden of this parish, and would assure him of their sincere sympathy with him in this time of great grief. While fully conscious that no human words can seem other than cold and feeble, they trust that next to the Divine consolation, for which he so well knows where to look, comfort may be found in the reflection that the whole parish mourns for one justly held in highest esteem and deepest affection.

In the death of Mrs. Shoenberger the Church on earth, and this parish in particular, has lost one of its most devoted and consistent members and liberal benefactors, whose memory will be cherished among the brightest of those who have adorned the Christian walk and life.

That God will give her beloved husband, our dear friend and brother, strength to bear the heavy burden laid upon him, is our earnest prayer.

"Living and dead but one communion make,
And join in Christ their living head
And of His love partake."

OBITUARY.

Died, in Guilford, Conn., September 5th, Col. GEORGE A. FOOTE, aged 88 years and 9 months. The departure of this patriarchal servant of the Most High makes a mournful chasm in the community where he was born and where he dwelt. A gentleman of the old school, his hospitable home was frequented by visitors distinguished in position, in culture, and in intelligence; and besides the influences connected with refined and elevated society, his mind was highly cultivated by extensive reading; his benignant countenance, his dignified bearing and manners, and the general friendliness of his disposition gained for him the reverence and regard of his fellow-townsmen, who will sadly miss his venerable form on their streets and in their assemblies. Descended himself from an old Church family, he was early baptized into the Church's fold, and in due season was confirmed and became a communicant. With others, he labored efficiently in building the present handsome church edifice, contributing largely of his means thereto; and through his long life was a liberal and zealous supporter of all parish work and of the Church's various benevolent institutions. For many years he filled the office of senior warden in the parish, only retiring when the infirmities of advanced age made him desirous of relief from official cares and duties. With singular interest in the religious instruction of the young, he retained the position of a teacher in the parish Sunday-school till his eighty-sixth year, honored and beloved by those who were at any period under his pupilage. He was ever his pastor's wise counsellor and devoted friend; and always foremost in all good deeds for the house of God and for the offices thereof, he had the veneration and esteem and gratitude of his pastor and of all his fellow-parishioners, who, now mourning their own great loss, deeply sympathize with his surviving widow and family in their afflictive bereavement. B.

Guilford, Conn., September 9th, 1878.

APPEAL.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.—In a charming spot, just at the edge of the woods, about nine miles from Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., there used to stand a small church, which was frequently occupied by troops during our late war. One bitter cold night a small detachment of cavalry sought shelter there, and left blazing fires at their departure. If any of those Federal soldiers who remember during the last year of the war stopping at this little church see this article, it is to be hoped they will read it carefully and help to rebuild St. Stephen's. What was the horror of the family living just across the road, next morning to behold the dear little church on fire! It was soon burned to the ground; and for fourteen years the stone foundation alone showed that any building had ever stood there. The St. Stephen's parish united with one distant about seven miles, and built Grace church. It is only possible for them to attend the services there for about seven months of the year, owing to bad roads, almost impassable streams, and the great heat of midsummer. They have, therefore, asked assistance to erect a new building on the old foundation, and by unwearied exertion have raised all the money required except about three hundred dollars. The carpenters began work on the new church in May, and can finish it so as to be consecrated on St. Stephen's day if the above mentioned three hundred dollars can be forthcoming from any source.

Contributions may be sent to the Rev. J. W. Lindsay, rector of St. James's church, Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

By the publication of the article concerning the Indian young men, in THE CHURCHMAN of July 27th, gifts were received for their education from the following persons during the month of August: Mrs. W. B. Helm, Carrollton, Miss.; Major A. R. Buffington, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Edwin Parsons, Newport, R. I.; "L."——Mass.; member of St. George's, Newburgh, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, Boston; Mrs. J. Maria Mead, Laurel, Del.; Levi Blakeslee, Esq., New York city. In all, $244. And for the boxes, one package of clothing from Mrs. C. G. F., Cambridge, Mass., and from "C. B. H. and Q.," New Haven, and "Hillside," N. J., $4.

The Standing Committee of the Diocese of Connecticut will meet in New Haven, Tuesday, September 17th, 1878, at 12 o'clock M. E. E. BEARDSLEY.

The semi-annual meeting of the convocation of the sixth district of the Diocese of Central New York will be held in St. John's church, Speedsville, Tompkins county, September 17th and 18th, 1878.

F. D. HOSKINS, Secretary.

Elmira, September 5th, 1878.

The annual meeting of the Clergyman's Mutual Insurance League will be held (D. V.) in the vestry-room of Trinity church, New York city, on Thursday, September 26th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

R. ANDREWES POOLE, Secretary.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need $3,000 in the month of September. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y, 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

The annual meeting of the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York will be held in the Sunday-school room of St. John's chapel, New York, directly after the close of the morning service on the opening day of the ensuing Convention, to be held in said chapel on Wednesday, the 25th day of September next. J. A. SPENCER, Secretary.

August 31st, 1878.

THE CLERICAL INSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY.

Organized 1877; Membership limited to 1500; assessments at death of members, $1.10; annuities assured to members in their old age; after July 1st, no members admitted over forty years old. Applications for membership may be sent to the treasurer,

The Rev. C. L. HUTCHINS, Medford, Mass.

A STATEMENT AND APPEAL TO THE CHURCH.

The season approaches when our chief agencies for extending the kingdom and making known the Gospel of our Lord render their yearly reports and offer their pleas to the Church at large, whose trustees and servants they are. The report of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry will soon be published. It will appear from it that while the necessity for the society is not diminished, while the strong reasons which brought it into existence twenty years ago continue unimpaired, while the demands upon its beneficence are as large and urgent as they ever were, and while it is manifest from what it has done in those twenty years that without it the Church must have suffered a great loss in the ministry of the Word and sacraments which Christ has appointed as the Divine means of saving mankind, yet its income is by far too little for the due prosecution of its work.

ECONOMY.

The officers inquire whether this can be owing in any measure to a want of economy or of judgment in the management of their trust. From year to year they have endeavored to reduce the current expenses in every safe and practicable way. In all similar institutions, we believe, careful experiments have shown that the employment of a responsible paid factor, or secretary, whose special business it is to represent it to the community, to recommend and press its claims, to defend and strengthen it, to conduct its correspondence, and to direct its ordinary affairs, is the economical method. Voluntary services of this sort turn out not to be the most efficient or thrifty. In large degree the establishment and success of this society have been due to the intelligent assiduity and zeal of one man, whose unabated devotion it enjoys to this day, as the secretary of the Executive Committee, though his compensation has been repeatedly much reduced. For a while the business required a division of the labor between two general officers. Neither of them was overpaid. Within the last year, however, we have secured in one person a financial and corresponding and travelling secretary, whose capacity, energy, and skill are everywhere acknowledged, all whose time and strength are pledged to this sacred cause—the Rev. Dr. Spalding. His family could not live, and he could not be had, on less than he receives. Clerk-hire has been abolished; and it is the settled policy to bring down all costs of rent, advertising, and other incidentals to the lowest possible mark. The Executive Committee every year cheerfully give time, travel, and money for the several business meetings without pay. In spite of all these exertions we are now obliged to refuse about half the applicants for aid altogether, and to stint the amount afforded to many others.

PRINCIPLES.

The undersigned are not aware that the principles or practice by which the society is administered have been openly impugned in any quarter. They certainly stand in the light, and are open to general inspection. We believe them to be, without qualification, impartial, just, and catholic. No student has ever been asked his opinions or tastes on matters held non-essential by the standards of the Church as a condition of receiving assistance. Students in every section of the country and in all dioceses have been treated alike, without prejudice or unequal favor. In several instances aid has been freely sent into dioceses from which little or nothing has been received. If more has been granted to some theological seminaries than to others, it has only been because more students needing and seeking help were there. Unavoidably, in the relations that grow up with these institutions, some delicate questions arise, and are liable to bring occasions for conflict or irritation. We are confident that the society has not exposed itself to any just charge of wrong-doing, or by its collections of money sought or compassed any end except to use what it has obtained for educating candidates in these very institutions. Its rule is to respect deferentially the control of every bishop over the candidates in his jurisdiction, and his wishes in regard to them. In turn, it has been honored by the consent of nearly every bishop to be enrolled among its patrons.

THE NECESSITY.

Whatever the causes, it is an undisputed fact that at present few young men of the wealthier class take orders. The ministry very largely depends for recruits on those who are not able to pay for their own education unless they should take for it a period of twelve or fifteen years, while nearly all the paths to remunerative occupation are overcrowded.

It was not otherwise at the beginning, under the eye and hand of the Master; and history shows that it has been so in all the more spiritual and earnest epochs of Church-life. If it be said that the help extended to these young men tempts unworthy, indolent, or incompetent persons to leave secular pursuits and become postulants, the answer is that this effect is to be guarded against by the vigilance of pastors, bishops, and examining chaplains, and by the rigid requirements, on the part of the society, of constant reports of the conduct, progress, and proficiency of all students from their several instructors. Besides, no one student is allowed a sufficient share of the whole cost of his training to put him in much peril of false inducements. A reference to the rolls of English, Continental, and American universities will show that high scholarship and intellectual power are not seriously hindered by endowments or other forms of relief to poor but promising youth. Our free common-school system may be cited to the same conclusion, and so may the biographies of many of the most profound and brilliant masters in all departments of learning. If it be said again that we encourage too many to seek Orders, let it be remembered, on the contrary, that with all other efforts in that direction the number of candidates has, for several years past, been steadily and rapidly falling off, and that but for this and similar agencies it is impossible to see how even the scanty supply of clergymen could have been kept up. The phantom of "unemployed clergymen" has risen, and been explained and "laid," over and over again. The position taken by this society is that the ministry of Christ exists not for the sake of the ministers, but for mankind and the honor of the Gospel; that the real demand is to be measured not by the clergy list but by the population; that more ministers are wanted as long as there are unconverted men and imperfect Christians needing shepherds, sermons, and sacraments; that the apostles would never have been heard to argue that no more preachers should be commissioned till all those in the field should be pecuniarily provided for; and that one proper function of true ministers is to *create* a demand of their services. Every great Christian body has its clerical education society. Are our people aware that, at best, we only educate, in proportion, about a sixth of the number we educated a few years ago? We also distinctly inform the Church that unless the funds of our treasury are largely and immediately replenished by public and private offerings, a very considerable share of those who have consecrated themselves to the sacred calling, and gone some way in their preparation, will be turned back, disappointed, to other avocations. Let the thoughtful imagination of Churchmen pursue this suggestion of an impending calamity into all its disastrous bearings, and honestly face the responsibility it imposes.

DANGER OF DEGENERACY.

We are pledged, however, to perpetuate and extend not only a ministry, but a learned ministry. It is perhaps true that crude, illiterate, half-furnished men, without the resources or balance or manners which are acquired only by a thorough course of discipline, might be pushed into Orders without any organized agency supplying the means of a liberal culture. In that deplorable way the Church is already beginning to lose a part of its traditional honor, and just when the advance of knowledge in every department really requires a broader field of study than ever before. Our pulpit must forfeit the respect of the keenest and ablest minds of the nation unless this tendency to superficial qualifications is arrested. How is it to be arrested practically unless the costs of collegiate and professional training are partly met by Churchmen, to whom their Church and her good name and her saving truth are dear? In the State, the army and navy secure ability and progress in the service by liberally educating, at public expense, the cadets who are to be their officers. The same condition and law of growing powers appears to hold in the Church.

THE LIFE OF MISSIONS.

A noble activity appears in raising money for our several missionary enterprises. With an amended organization and efficient advocates, the general society calls to the public aid confidence and success, and the diocesan boards are not less diligent. But how are they to reach their sole object—the salvation of the souls of men—except there are ministers, bishops, priests, and deacons to be sent? "How shall they hear without a preacher?" Has the Divine Wisdom proposed any other plan? Were the missionary treasuries ten times as ample as they are, what can they accomplish without vigorous workmen and living messengers, such as this society has prepared, and stands ready to prepare in larger numbers? The men are waiting; the system is adequate; the teachers are competent; the command of God is clear. Only the hands of Christ's people are held back!

The society has generous and constant friends. We believe it deserves that they should be multiplied an hundredfold. It asks no favor itself. It is the free-will servant of the Church, for the Lord's sake. Its burdens are now very heavy and its duties perplexing, but the least of our trials is the daily one of refusing help to good and true and self-denying young men who, if once lost to the ministry, cannot be recalled. We know how sorely depressed, financially, multitudes are who would gladly pour out large gifts at the feet of Christ. But more depressing still would be the dismemberment or dishonor of a cause so near the heart of the Lord's body as this. If those who can will give much, and those who have little will give promptly of that little, the disaster may be averted and many waste places may be made glad to the glory of God.

F. D. HUNTINGTON,
President of the Society;
B. H. PADDOCK,
Vice-President;
JOHN WILLIAMS,
Chairman of the Exec. Com.;
Committee of Bishops.

ART DEPARTMENT.

ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

The Art Students' League, at No. 108 Fifth Avenue, will re-open its classes for the season of 1878–79, on Monday, September 30th. This school is maintained by the young artists and students of New York, for the purpose of securing the advantages of a thorough academic course of study in art. It is the only art school in the country which gives the opportunity of drawing, painting, and modelling from the living model, every day in the week, morning, afternoon, and evening, for eight months in the year, together

with instruction in artistic anatomy, perspective and composition. As the League is exclusively a life school, a high standard of admission is maintained, and as it is controlled by students actually at work in the classes, a thoroughly practical management is secured and the most advanced methods of instruction guaranteed. Mr. Wm. M. Chase, who will return from Munich before the opening of the schools, has accepted the position of professor of drawing and painting for the coming year. Mr. Walter Shirlaw will be the professor of composition, and will criticise the students' designs once in each week. Mr. J. S. Hartley will be the professor of modelling, and will give a course of lectures on artistic anatomy at the commencement of the school year, and will be present in each life class during the season to criticise the work and explain the anatomy of the figure from the living model. Mr. Frederick Dielman will give instruction in perspective once in two weeks during the season. A preparatory class in drawing from the cast for students who wish to enter the League schools will be opened September 30th, under the direction of one of the advanced students. The membership of the League is limited to artists and students, ladies and gentlemen, who intend to make art a profession; but the classes are open to all who have attained the required standard in drawing. The dues are fixed at a rate just sufficient to defray the actual cost of maintaining the several classes. The art receptions, at which pictures and studies by the best artists are exhibited, will be held on the first Tuesday in each month during the season. The League was established in 1875, and incorporated in February of this year. It now numbers over one hundred members, including many well-known names among the younger artists of New York. Last season two hundred students studied in the various classes, and the coming year promises to be the most successful that the school has yet seen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" published hereafter will appear under the full signature of the writer.

ST. PAUL'S "THORN IN THE FLESH."

To the Editor of The Churchman:

I have just read with interest "St. Paul's 'Thorn in the Flesh,'" which appeared in the last Churchman, and, if you will allow me space, would like to say something in regard to it, prefacing that I am away from all books of reference, and so can give my impressions only. These have always led me to believe, with the writer of the article in question, that St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was a defect of sight; but I have never classed among the arguments in favor of this his (St. Paul's) failure to recognize Ananias as high-priest. That St. Paul was acquainted personally with a high-priest of the time there can be little doubt; but, if I mistake not, very many changes had about this time been made in the office, so that he might well be at a loss to know who was the actual "ruler of Thy people" at the moment.

On the supposition that St. Paul's eyesight was defective, have we not grounds for believing that this was, if not the result, at least a *residuum*, of the blinding of that great light, "above the brightness of the sun," which struck him down on his way to Damascus? Let us look into it. Our blessed Lord said to the Pharisees, "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin; but now ye say, we see, therefore your sin remaineth." St. Paul was a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee, a rigid observer of the Law, a firm believer in its entire efficacy; and hence, as touching its letter, he could say he was blameless. What he did for the suppression of Christianity he did "ignorantly [blindly] in unbelief." In this respect he was as blind as any Pharisee whom the Saviour met. But he obtained mercy. The light which struck him to the earth was the brightness of that Sun of Righteousness whom he had despised and persecuted. The intensity of the new light which now flashed in illuminated him spiritually, but sealed with blindness that natural sight on which he had too confidently relied. When, on the mission of the devout Ananias, his eyesight was restored, may we not think, without presuming to fathom the mystery of God's dealings, that there was left a dimness of natural vision, like a messenger of Satan to buffet and annoy him in his future life, but at the same time constantly to remind him of that Pharisaic clearness of eyesight in which he rejoiced when he witnessed the martyrdom of St. Stephen?

But St. Paul seems to connect this visitation, whatever it may have been, with "the abundance of the revelations" made him when he was caught up into the third heaven and heard unspeakable words. If the words were unutterable, what shall we say of the sight which must then have burst upon his eyes? And "lest he should be exalted beyond measure" by this gracious and glorious favor shown him, perhaps those eyes with which he had looked upon heavenly things were henceforth dazed when turned upon earthly matters. How dim indeed must all the joys of earth have seemed to one permitted to behold the glories of heaven.

The answer of God to his twice-made prayer to be delivered from this thorn in the flesh seems to be in harmony with this, "My grace is sufficient for thee"; and St. Paul had fully realized it when he said, "We walk by faith, not by sight."

These are mere impressions, and must go for what they are worth. The article referred to drew from me an expression of them.

John Gadsden.

Summerville, S. C., September 1st, 1878.

A GOOD BOOK OF FAMILY PRAYERS.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

I desire to direct the attention of your readers to the excellences of a little book of devotion entitled "Daily Services for Christian Households," compiled and arranged by the Rev. H. Stobart, M.A., London. I am sure that all persons who are looking for a suitable manual for family prayers will find this little volume worthy of being used. As the preface declares, the aim of the author is "to concentrate the spirit and substance of the Book of Common Prayer into a brief form, and to accommodate the principle of worship which prevails in the public congregation to the necessities of the family; to have fulness without length, and completeness without prolixity; to throw into that short service, of which alone the daily duties of most households admit, not only the true faith by which we pray 'as we ought,' but also that warmth and heartiness which versicle, and litany, and prompt response, and cheerful hymn contribute."

Among the distinguishing features of the book, and one adding greatly to its interest, is this—that the service of each morning contains a short prayer recalling the particular events of the day in the history of the creation, and the office for each evening has another incorporating the principal occurrences of the day in Holy Week.

The following collects, taken from the service for Wednesday, will serve to explain the arrangement: *Morning*—"O Lord, who, on the fourth day, didst divide the light from the darkness, and day from night, grant unto us that being enlightened by the life-giving beams of the Sun of Righteousness, we may have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but may walk as in the day, in righteousness and true holiness before Thee, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." *Evening*—"O God, heavenly Father, who, to redeem us, didst deliver up Thine only Son to be betrayed by one of His disciples, and sold to His enemies, take from us, we beseech Thee, all covetousness and hypocrisy, and so help us that, loving Thee and Thy truth above all things, we may remain steadfast in our faith even unto the end; and, cleaving to Thee with all our hearts, may at last attain to the inheritance of the saints in light, through Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

In addition to the services for every day in the week, the book contains, "Proper Collects for the Several Seasons of the Christian Year," and also "Prayers and Thanksgivings for Special Occasions," and "Prayers for Particular Graces." I trust this book may come into general use, as it is the opinion of all who have examined it that nothing better can be found. William H. Collins.

Brattleboro', Vt., August 12th, 1878.

JOURNALS OF THE DIOCESE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Any one having copies of the Journals of the Diocese of Massachusetts for the years 1829 to 1833 inclusive, and from 1835 to 1843 inclusive, to dispose of, may find a purchaser by addressing

Samuel Batchelder, Jr.,
No. 15 Brattle street,
Cambridge, Mass.

N. B.—I will exchange, for any of the above years, copies for the years 1834, 1853, 1856, 1857, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1871, 1872, 1873. S. B., Jr.

September 6th, 1878.

SOME FALSE TEACHING.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

There is a monthly paper published avowedly in the interest of Nashotah, and I know of many who are taking the paper (1) because it is very low in price, and (2) because it is believed to be an aid to that most honored institution of the Church.

I write now to ask through your columns the question: Is Nashotah responsible for the views and opinions inculcated by that magazine? In this month's issue (September) of the *Churchman's Companion* the children and young people are taught, in a paragraph entitled "Notes on the Holy Days in September," "Holy Cross-day, September 14th," and they are told "This day is kept," and this day is called, for such and such reasons. Of course all are expected to believe that the keeping of such a day is part of the Church practice, or should be.

Now, in view of the fact that that day is not kept by our branch of the Church, and cannot be found in the Table of Holy Days; since, moreover, the Table of Fasts gives us the position of the Autumnal Embers as coming after September 14th, and carefully omitting the name of Holy Cross, while the *Churchman's Companion* says, "The Autumnal Embers are the Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday following Holy Cross-day," I ask is not that a false teaching for which Nashotah should not be responsible?

Neither is this the worst. In explaining the origin of the Holy Cross-day, the *Companion* rightly traces it to the legend of the portion of the holy cross recovered and exposed by Empress Helena on that day; all which is narrated as a solemn fact, and that wood is called "this precious relic." In other words, one of the 613 pious frauds now idolized in Europe (through the corrupt teaching of Romish influences) is being taught to the children of the Church in America under the sanction of *Nashotah!* It cannot be surely, or if it be, then let us all know it. Many have taken this magazine hoping for full, honest, thorough Prayer Book teaching. This teaching is only an effort, by means of cheap publica-

tions, to work back in the minds of the young the very errors and superstitions that our Prayer Book and the English Church has carefully put aside, and as such can only be branded as dishonest, untruthful, and injurious.

R. WHITTINGHAM.

CORRECTION.—The writer of a recent letter on "Changes in the Words and Tunes of the Hymnal" desires us to state that a more careful examination of the matter convinces him that the differences between the old and new editions of Dr. Tucker's Hymnal which were alluded to are altogether due to changes in the *wording* of the hymns, which Dr. Tucker had nothing to do with. The inconvenience which these variations cause to choirs and congregations, therefore, is not Dr. Tucker's fault.

NEW BOOKS.

A LATIN GRAMMAR, Founded on Comparative Grammar. By J. H. Allen and J. B. Greenough. Revised Edition. [Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1877.] 12mo, half morocco, pp. 329.

We have had occasion to speak more than once in terms of commendation of the excellent Latin course of Messrs. Allen & Greenough. This Latin grammar has been well received and widely used; and this new edition, for which an opportunity was furnished by the recasting of the plates, shows a thorough revision of the work, embodying the results of practical experience. The order of subjects has been somewhat changed; some portions have been considerably expanded; and the division into sections has been much improved in a manner which will facilitate reference to any desired rule or remark. Also, philological remarks, intended rather to be read than to be studied, have been put into foot-notes; and each chapter of the syntax has been prefaced by a general statement of its philosophy and of its contents. Comparing this edition with the old, we think that the changes which have been made will commend themselves to the careful teacher.

Our fear is that we are trying to teach beginners too much of the science of language before we have sufficiently impressed upon their minds its facts simply as facts, and that in this way we are blocking up the doorway of knowledge. In our dislike of the wholly empirical grammatical studies of a generation or two ago, we are in danger of teaching only philology and the metaphysics of language instead of making our books "guides into tongues" and literature. If, however, we need, as all agree, to take notice of some things which were neglected by former writers, we should make ourselves perfectly clear in regard to them. The old rule that the name of a town in which anything is said to be, or to be done, is put sometimes in the genitive and sometimes in the ablative, has been wisely displaced by a recognition of the forgotten locative case; why should not the old instrumental case be treated by itself and not merged in the ablative, with which it happens to agree in form? The work before us makes the distinction clearly at the beginning of the chapter on the ablative; we think that it should be even more clearly made again a little further on, and would even suggest that the term "the ablative of means"—a contradiction of terms—should be displaced. On the other hand, it seems to us to savor of too great refinement to give as the equivalents of the several forms of the subjunctive (in the paradigms) only such English expressions as could be used to translate them if they stood alone.

We observe a seeming inadvertence in the use of an old grammatical term. The former edition stated that the accusative with the infinitive is used as the object of all verbs and expressions of knowing, thinking, and telling; and added, a little further on, that the poets extend it in certain cases to verbs which are not properly *verba sentiendi*, neither this term nor any English equivalent having been used before. The new edition has added verbs of perceiving to those enumerated at the beginning of the section, and so has probably rendered the following remark, which remains as before, intelligible; but we doubt whether it would not be wiser to use, for the benefit of beginners, either the English or the Latin phrase in both places.

As an example of one of the most valuable features of this grammar, we would call attention to the long note just preceding the little slip of which we have spoken, in which the different kinds of substantive clauses are enumerated and the distinction in their meanings and use are carefully stated. It will be of use to the writer of Latin as well as to the translator into English.

The chapter on prosody has been enlarged, and the very serviceable method of illustrating the arrangement of long and short vowels in different feet and metres by quarter and eighth notes of music, has been applied more extensively. Throughout the book the corresponding sections of the old edition are noted in the margin, thus making it easy to refer back to them.

We doubt not that the new edition of this grammar will be widely used. It is based on sound scholarship, is carefully written and well arranged, and will do much, as the former edition has done, to encourage and help the intelligent and interested study of the Latin tongue.

VISIONS: A Study of False Sight. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. [Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.]

This is singularly calm and dispassionate for a work which was written in hours of great bodily suffering. Dr. Holmes had the disposition of the manuscript, and did right in deciding that, imperfect as it was, it should be given to the public. The writer, who for a quarter of a century was a well-known physician of Boston, not only draws largely from his experience and that of others in the profession, but brings to the support of his views the testimony of many leading writers on physiology. Taking for granted that he rightly describes the apparatus of vision, there can be no doubt that what he calls false vision or, "pseudopia," whether it arises from the effect of drugs, from the influence of disease, from that of volition, etc., finds a correct explanation.

The least satisfactory part of this work will be that in which he resolves the visions of the dying, like those of dreams or delirium, into automatic causes. In witnessing the dissolution of all ages and conditions, he could only recall a single instance of which the phenomena admitted the possibility of any other interpretation than a physiological one. "But yet who, believing in God and personal immortality, as the writer rejoices in doing, will dare to say *absolutely all?*" "May not the golden bowl, just as it is shattered, be touched by rays from a light that is above it," and "flash with a glory no language can describe?" He is ready to grant the possibility of a continuous consciousness in passing from one life to another, and gives two or three cases of visions of the dying which are not to be explained by any automatic process. In accounting for "orthopia," or "pseudopia," the writer seems to push his mechanical view of things somewhat to excess, but the above quotations relieve him of everything in the shape of coarse materialism. The book not only gives evidence of careful thinking, but abounds in cases which make it valuable aside from the speculations of the author.

STUDENT'S TOPICAL HISTORY CHART. By J. P. Whitcomb.

This chart presents the leading landmarks and the principal dates in the world's history. As an outline it needs considerable filling up in order to be anything like a living picture; but this will, in turn, require much knowledge. Thus the chart, if faithfully used, will no doubt accomplish a good end, and become the means of giving information; but its worth lies almost wholly in the using of it.

THE ANCIENT LIFE-HISTORY OF THE EARTH. A Comprehensive Outline of the Principles and Leading Facts of Paleontological Science. By H. Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., M.A., PH.D, F.R.S.S., F.L.S., Professor of Natural History in the University of St. Andrews. [New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1878.] Cloth, pp. 407.

The author presents both the principles and the history of paleontology. Under the first head he argues strongly, or rather urgently, against the theory of "catastrophism," which was recently universally received by geologists. Now Professor Nicholson says the opposite doctrine, namely, that of "continuity," or uniformity, "is almost universally accepted as the basis of all inquiries, both in the domain of geology and that of paleontology." We shall not enter upon a question of the relative truthfulness of these two theories. We doubt however, whether it is, as the author claims, simply "a question of *energy* versus *time*." We should say that the evidence to be obtained by induction has something to do with it.

Nor can we accept the soundness of an argument from example used by our author. He says: "An earthquake may remove a mountain in the course of a few seconds; but the dropping of a gentle rain will do the same if we extend its operations over a millennium." We cannot say, of course, what Dr. Nicholson's idea of a mountain is, but it may be presumed that he understands by the term what it is generally supposed to be. On this presumption, we doubt whether a "gentle rain" could in one thousand years wash one of those mountains, its soil and its rocks, out of existence. And results would show pretty clearly, it seems to us, whether it had been removed by a slow wearing away or by a sudden displacement.

In the domain of facts, and where the author has nothing to do except tell what he knows, the volume is both thorough and satisfactory—one of the best in its peculiar department of science.

WAYS OF THE SPIRIT, and other Essays. By Frederic Henry Hedge, Author of "Reason in Religion," "Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition," etc. [Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.] Cloth, pp. 367. Price $2.00.

There is some truth mixed up with considerable error in each of all these essays. They are, however, well worth reading by those who wish to keep an eye on all the phases of modern religious and theological speculation.

BITS OF TRAVEL AT HOME. By H. H., Author of "Bits of Travel," "Bits of Talk About Home Matters," "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," "Verses by H. H." [Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.] 16mo, cloth, pp. 413.

These brief sketches of travelling experience and glimpses of people and places represent California, New England, and Colorado. They are among the best specimens of light peripatetic literature which has now become so common. They are brightened by frequent intellectual flashes, and we detect here and there the subdued play of a strong imagination. There is not a dull page in the book, and its fragmentary character makes it just the reading for odd moments. Each sketch is a picture rounded and complete.

CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HANDBOOK TO THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, TH.D. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German by the Rev. Paton J. Gloag, D.D. The Translation Revised and Edited by William P. Dickson, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. Vol. II. [Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1877.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 325.

We have already called attention to the merits of Meyer's Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. This second volume completes the work. It fully bears out the promise given in the first volume. It gives in a

ensed form and with no waste of words results of patient study and reverent tation.

LITERATURE.

MONG the awards of the Department of cation at the Paris Exposition is a bronze al to the *New England Journal of Educa-* Thus the highest award given to the ational journalism of any country comes n American publication.

HE *Standard of the Cross* says: We see ated that seventy sermons were recently n from a theological student in a semi- at Rochester, N. Y. A theological stu- who has seventy sermons on hand had er lose them before he gets into the min- .

HE Rev. Isaac Taylor is preparing a book, ngland, on the various alphabets, begin- g with the Aramaic character of the yri and the Phoenician of the Moabite in- ption, and coming down to the present e. There will also be a chapter on the ory of the numerals.

NDER the title of "New Greece," Messrs. sell, Petter & Galpin will shortly issue a ume by Mr. Lewis Sargeant, which will nprise a survey of the actual condition of ece at the present day, and its history dur- the past few years. The work will be strated by two maps.

MONG the Babylonian tablets comprised he Egibi series, in London, is one lately covered, which will be of interest to all dents of Greco-Persian history. It is dated he twenty-fourth year of Darius Hystaspis, c. 516, and contains a long inventory of ns, stores, and other war materials deposit- in the temple of the war god Nergal, in bylon. This is about the period when rius would have been preparing for his pedition to Greece.

N an additional contribution to the *Art rnal* about Japanese art, Sir Rutherford ock quotes approvingly from James Jack- n Jarves in respect to the feeling for color own by the Japanese. He also quotes from artist Leighton to show that the Japanese not be said to be ignorant of perspective. eir inferiority in perspective, both linear d aerial, is not "without exceptions, for metimes their linear perspective is nearly rfect, and their aerial perspective very autiful, though they do not seem to under- nd the pictorial—that power of chiaroscuro at makes a picture."

SEVERAL German libraries are about to dergo considerable alteration and exten- on. The rebuilding of the valuable and mirably arranged library of the Halle Uni- rsity has already been begun; the plans for ttingen are drawn, if not finally determined n. In Berlin, where the Royal Library has ng been totally inadequate to the needs of udents, the difficulty is to be temporarily et by transferring the musical collection and e collection of maps and charts to another ilding; but here also the form the altera- ons are to take has been decided upon, ough a serious obstacle in the way of car- ing them out has still to be removed. The te of the proposed new library is at present ccupied by the barracks of a regiment of the uards; and no one who is familiar with the iews prevailing at headquarters will be sur rised at books and scholars having to wait until accommodation suitable in every respect has been found for the soldiers.

SCIENCE.

IT is said that the peasants in the village of Tarbes, in the Hautes-Pyrenees, discovered that a bundle of straw fastened to a stick and placed upright on the roofs of their cottages formed an effectual protection from lightning during the thunder-storms common to the district. It is further said that the knowledge of the custom spreading, there are now some eighteen or more communes in which all the cottages are protected in this way.

THE *Electrician* reports a curious micro-telephonic experiment from Switzerland. An Italian opera company having announced "Don Pasquale," one of the telegraph inspectors of the district fitted up in a first-row box near the stage a Hughes carbon microphone, connected by two wires of one and a half millimetres diameter, to four telephone receivers placed in a billiard-room near the theatre. In circuit with the microphone was a small battery of two cells. The result was completely successful. The telephones reproduced exactly the efforts both of the vocalists and of the orchestra, and several critical auditors, under these novel circumstances, testified that they did not lose a note or a tone. The same results were obtained on introducing into the circuit a resistance of ten kilometres without increasing the number of cells. The well-known lightness and grace of the music of the opera thus experimented upon show what sensibility can be afforded by a combination of the instruments of Hughes and Bell.

AT the late meeting of the British Association in Dublin, Prof. Huxley presided over the anthropological section, and in his opening address, according to a correspondent of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, made the following remarks upon the present state of the scientific question of the origin of man: The professor proceeded to contend that there was no evading whatever results might be reached by physical science. With regard to man they had but the outcome of the inevitable progress of scientific thought, whose legitimate domain of inquiry was just as wide in regard to man as in regard to the lower animals. Man had a framework comparable bone for bone with that of the animals; his physical development proceeded step by step in the same way as theirs; his bodily activities, and others which were not ordinarily so classed, were just as much the subject of scientific inquiry as those of ants and bees. The phenomena of intelligence were phenomena following a definite causal order, and were as much susceptible of scientific examination as were physical phenomena. Anthropology excluded theology from the sphere of its investigations; it was not concerned with the question of truth or falsehood of religions, but the natural history of religion; the manner in which it had developed, and the extent to which it affected the race were entirely within the legitimate scope of anthropological investigation. When they came to the question of the cause of all the phenomena, if it was permissible to approach that problem in reference to the lower animals, it was equally permissible with regard to man. To the scientific mind there was no reason for dealing more critically with the one case than with the other. The association met at Dublin twenty-one years ago, and he had been at the pains to look up what had been done at that meeting in regard to this subject. At that time there was no anthropological department. The science had not sufficiently differentiated itself from anatomy and physiology on the one hand and zoology on the other. Moreover it was even then regarded as a very volcanic subject, to which people would rather not accord a formal recognition. . . . Now, on the other hand, there was no science which was represented by a larger or more active body of workers than was anthropology. The whole conditions and prospects of the science had been reversed by the publication of a single book of no great bulk—the "Origin of Species," and all the energies of those who were devoted to anthropology were engaged in working out the problem whether the doctrines evolved by Mr. Darwin in that book with reference to the lower animals could be applied in the same way to man. That question had not yet been answered. It was an enormous question, and for a definite answer to it people would probably have to look to some period in the next century. He believed that it would at some time be solved; how, he could not say, though he might have ideas of his own on the subject. If he were asked what had been done during the last twenty-one years in the direction—he would not say of solving the question, but of clearing the ground for its solution—he did not know that he could point to anything very definite except on one point. Till about 1860 nothing could be more volcanic or more shocking than for any man to say there was anatomically less difference between man and the higher apes than between the higher and the lower apes. Yet he had lately been reading a book by a very learned and eminent scientist, M. Quatrefuges, who had always been an opponent of evolutionary ideas, in which this proposition was referred to as one on which no rational person would venture to dispute the truth. It was a comfort to have got so far. A second direction in which progress had been made was in the precision and exactness employed in obtaining the data which were necessary for anthropologists to work upon. After illustrating this at some length the professor commented on the extraordinary discoveries which had been made of late years of traces of man in the fossil state. He remembered when it was regarded—though he did not know why—as a sacred canon by the paleontologists that man did not exist in the fossil state. An astonishing weight of evidence on that point had accumulated during the last twenty years, and it was now beyond doubt that man—intelligent man—had existed on the earth at a time when its physical conformation was very different from what it is now. He admitted that the evidence of the existence of man earlier than the period of the drift was very dubious. As to the interesting question whether with the evidences of the existence of man at that period they had the possibility of tracing his development from a type different to that which now exists, he did not think that in all the traces hitherto discovered there was more reason for thinking the man of that day essentially different from the man of the present day, or for thinking that the horse of that time was different from the horse we had now; but as we happened to have proof that the horse in his present form was a modification of a still earlier type, there was no reason why similar evidence should not ultimately be discovered of the process of evolution in the case of man.

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CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
6. Friday. Fast.
8. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
3. Friday. Fast.
5. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
8. Ember Day. Fast.
0. Ember Day. Fast.
1. { St. Matthew. / { Ember Day. Fast.
2. Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
7. Friday. Fast.
9. { St. Michael and All Angels. / { Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

Sweet and still the hour:
' languid day was drawing to a close,
ien two sad-looking men trod, thoughtfully,
e road that led from fair Jerusalem
Emmaus. They did not look *above*
mark the beauties of the western sky,
ere the great sun had set in majesty,
aving a fringe of carmine, and of gold,
oven amid the cloud-rifts; nor *around*,
on the lichen-covered rocks, or grass, or
flowers,
aving beneath the junipers and palms.
! they were all cast down, their hearts were
sad,
eir attitude dejected! Doubts had come
paralyze their souls, for One they loved,
d held to be the Saviour, death had claimed.
, with bowed heads, they dwelt in low, sad
tones
this, their grief, and reasoned as they
walked.
e road was long and lonely, and their steps
ew languid, through its roughness and their
grief.
t still they onward toiled, conversing low.
What manner of communications, now,
ve ye, that ye so walk, and are so sad?"
spake a voice beside them. They had heard
step approach. Yet there a Person stood,
ho joined them on their way.
Said Cleopas:
Art Thou a stranger, that Thou hast not
known
e things done in Jerusalem these days?"
What things?" He asked.
Then sadly they replied,
telling him of Jesus, and their doubts.
e stranger listened with deep, thoughtful
looks,
en spoke rebuking words—expounding there
e Scriptures, showing how the prophets' words
ad been fulfilled by this same Jesus' death.
s thus He taught, the village that they sought
as reached, and their new Friend spake parting
words,
nd would have passed away, but they ex-
claimed:
Abide with us; the day is wellnigh spent,
nd evening draweth near."
Then tarried He
while. Sharing their evening meal, He took
me bread, and, blessing it, gave them to eat.
urprised, their eyes sought His, their sight
was cleared,
nd lo! they knew their Lord. But, as they
looked,
e vanished! Then with great delight and joy
hey both exclaimed: "It was the Lord, the
Christ!
id not our hearts within us burn, while He
alked with us by the way?"
Regardless, then,
f those eight miles of weary length, they rose,
nd with strong, quick, light-hearted steps
retraced
he same rough ground back to Jerusalem.
hen wondering disciples heard them tell
hat Jesus lived, and they had talked with Him.

o are we life's wild, rugged pathway treading
now!
That weary way,
o long and tedious, that with care it clouds
each brow;
So rough alway,
That we are worn and fainting at the close of
day.

Mile-stones of faith seem far between; fresh
doubts rise fast,
Our hearts to fright.
Hedges of thorns, and brambles, o'er our way
are cast;
While just in sight
Loom rocks—high, fearful rocks—whose fall
must crush us quite.

Sometimes we start, for strange sounds vi-
brate on the air!
No birds we hear;
But groans, and moans, from sick and wounded
everywhere,
And cries of fear,
While sighs and sobs, from broken-hearted,
hover near.

Sometimes our swelling hearts are prone to
raise the cry,
"Lost, lost, indeed!
Our Lord hath quite forgotten, He hath passed
us by
In our great need!
Life's sun is setting, and our sinking hearts
do bleed!"

Walk Thou with us, O Christ, our journey
seems so wild,
The way so steep,
That we are all bewildered, easily beguiled;
Then ever keep
Beside us! Seeing Thee, no more our eyes will
weep!

O yes, abide with us! We cannot let Thee go.
Darkness we fear:
But keeping close to Thee, the ills we used to
know,
All disappear;
Then hold each trembling hand, and keep for-
ever near.

For we are weary, and the night is drawing
nigh;
The day is past,
The shadows lengthen, and the evening winds
float by;
Then o'er us cast
A sense of Thy sweet presence, evermore to
last.

*THE GIRLS OF ST. ANDREW'S.**

BY JENNIE HARRISON,

Author of "The Choir Boys of Cheswick," etc.

XXVII.

Maggie's great sorrow touched them all, for these girls of St. Andrew's, who had grown up together from childhood, had the truest sympathy for one another; and whatever sadness or joy came into one life was reflected in all the others.

I need not tell you anything of Maggie during those first weeks, when she sat in the shadow of that great cloud which had come up so suddenly and darkened her life. I only know that One stood there with her day and night; One who stands always in the shadow as well as in the sunshine; One who stands waiting for us to come to Him and find rest.

It was many, many days before any of the girls saw Maggie. And then Ida went first—Ida, with her sweet, fresh, tender ways, that reminded you always of little pansies looking up at you from their cool, shady bed!

It came to poor, tired Maggie like a breath from the old, glad way of life, where she used to walk—oh so long ago it seemed now! It made her cry, such quiet, helpful tears as she had not shed before; for she knew that she could never again go back to the old ways, the same glad, careless girl that she had been.

"What can I do?" she thought. And it was the first time that she had thought distinctly of anything. "What kind of a life will it be now?" little Maggie thought. And while she thought, Ida only moved softly near her, arranging a dish of fresh mosses and flowers, and bending now and then with a silent caress over her friend. "What kind of a life will it be, out there in the same old places?" And then there came to her a thought of Him who had been standing there all the while, so close to her, so very close, that the darkness she sat in was only His own dear shadow.

Ah, how near we get to God sometimes and do not know it! If little Maggie would only reach out in the darkness and find Him there!

What kind of a life would it be then, if she took His hand and went forth where He led her? What kind of a life would it be if she heard His voice speaking to her through it all, day by day and night by night? What kind of a life would it be if she walked with His great love shining round her and lighting up every step? What kind of a life would it be if she lived it close to One who loved her and cared for her far more than even the dear mother had done? It would be such a life—such a blessed life of happiness and peace—that I pray every girl may learn to live it as Maggie learned, little by little.

When Ida went away, she stopped to see Miss Walker, and said to her, "I think that Maggie will bear being talked to now."

And the faithful teacher was glad to hear that she might find a welcome from the scholar whom she had missed so sadly from her place during the last Sundays.

Alfred Evert went home on the third day of the new year. Fannie almost longed to go with him, but she felt that now for a little longer she ought to stay and be of what help and comfort she could to her friends.

Everything was at a stand-still that first week. The literary circle met and adjourned without any exercises. And Julia was beginning to fear the dulness, on Nelson's account, when the promised catalogue was received from Alfred, and Ned proposed that they should go right to work and get the books ready.

"Of course we can't expect Maggie to join us in any of our doings for a long while, and as this is rather an important matter, suppose we go right at it."

Every one agreed gladly.

First, there was a general searching among their own book-shelves to see what could be found appropriate for a Sunday-school library. Then friends were asked for donations, and finally Nelson and Palmer were appointed "a committee" to purchase some of the best new Sunday-school books, using the funds of the literary society; "because," said Ida, "we wont have our entertainment now, on Maggie's account; and we might as well use the money to do good with."

Ida's suggestion met with approval. Every one was agreed to give up the idea of any literary entertainment, since Maggie could not join in the pleasure. And no one could think of any better use for the little fund they had collected than that of helping the Cheswick Sunday-school, in which they all—and the girls particularly—were interested.

"All donations received at my house," Nelson said. "I'm getting too old to run about so much at night! And besides, being the oldest, I should have a proper degree of respect shown me!"

Laughingly they all expressed their willing-

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ness to do whatever he demanded. Indeed, they would have been more glad than he knew if they could have given to Nelson that respect which they used to think, in their childish days, he would command when he grew up to manhood.

"The great splendid fellow," they used to say; "how proud Julia will be of him!"

They had ceased to say it lately; and only waited and watched with the sister, more earnestly than she knew, to see what his life would show.

So the old pleasant "dropping in"—the familiar coming and going—began again, and for several evenings Julia's home was bright with the life and bustle of youth, and the pleasure of doing something for others.

When the books were all collected there was a general meeting to be held for covering them, numbering them, and filling out the catalogue.

"It shall be at Sophy's," said Nelson. "We wont be selfish. Besides, she's the housekeeper, and will know how to make the paste."

"Thank you, Nelson. But wont you all come to tea? and then I'll show you what I can make besides paste. I intended to ask you all, you know, before. So we will put the two together now, and have a quiet, pleasant time, though we shall miss little Maggie."

Ned added his invitation to Sophy's, and so they all went.

Ellen went around after school to see to the children for a while, and Anna Croy arranged the table with much taste, hovering about it like a fairy, and leaving magic touches here and there.

"Anna, it is beautiful!" cried Sophy, coming in, rosy, from the kitchen, and looking at it all with delight. And Sophy wanted it to be beautiful; for it would be the first time that they had all sat together at her table since the old days when competent servants had stood about and made all things pleasant and right. And she, at the head of it all now, was anxious that it should lack nothing.

Every one came, and every one in good season. Mr. Adams looked down the rows of bright young faces at his table, and his eyes lingered fondly on the one at the foot. She it was who had done it all—the daughter who had kept the home-light burning—and had not shrunk from any sacrifice that could help in the work.

They did not delay in getting at their work after tea. Palmer brought in a separate package of books after the others, and laid it, with a sort of tender movement, upon the table.

"It is from Maggie," he said, in answer to their inquiring looks. "She heard what we were doing, and asked Miss Walker to get these and send them for her. They came to the house just as we were starting to-night."

"I am so glad that she begins to care about anything," said Ellen, while Ida turned away with tears in her eyes, thinking of the lonely girl sitting away from all her old pleasures, and yet caring to do her little part in this work.

It was a long evening's work; and then they decided that the numbering and writing the catalogue should occupy another time.

"And now we can have a sing before we go," said Nelson, piling up the neatly-covered books in the corner and surveying them with pride.

"If you could see all the eyes that will sparkle at the sight of the new books you would feel repaid for your kindness," said Fannie. "I cannot thank you; I don't know how."

"Tell the Cheswick people it is a thank-offering to them for letting us have you so long."

XXVIII.

Fannie Evert was received gladly at each of the girls' homes in turn. She spent a few days with each, and then answered the imperative demand from her own home, which said they could not do without her any longer.

"I wish I was as valuable a person in the world as you seem to be, Fannie," said Anna Croy, at whose house Fannie was staying when the message from Cheswick came. "It doesn't seem to me that I am the least bit of use to any one in the world!"

"Oh, you don't know about that, Anna! People don't understand their own value. I am sure there would be a big void among us if we hadn't you."

"Not half as big a one as there will be when you go back to Cheswick. Dear me! how you have helped us through this Winter! It would have been dreadfully stupid without you—for me, at any rate. The other girls seem to get on well enough; but I do get so restless, and feel as if I wanted something to stir me up!"

Fannie could not help laughing at her friend's doleful face as she leaned back in her easy-chair and looked so helpless.

"Here, do something!" she said, tossing a huge skein of worsted in her lap.

"Oh, yes; I see the point of your suggestion!" replied Anna good-naturedly, taking up the worsted and beginning to wind it. "But what is there to do? A little shopping, or fussing over a new dress, and not much of that; for mother doesn't like me to go out often in the evenings yet."

"Oh, that is all play!" said Fannie a little impatiently. "The thing is to get real work to do, for yourself or somebody else. Excuse me, Anna; but I learned this myself when I first went to Cheswick, and used to sit day after day with folded hands, and feel unhappy because things didn't go just as I wanted them to!"

"There! I knew you weren't happy when you went to live in Cheswick.

"Of course I wasn't! I was so sorry to leave the city and the church and my old companions, and I made up my mind that I should never feel at home in Cheswick. But as soon as I found that there was something for me to do there, and as soon as I went to work, I began to feel contented and happy."

The two girls talked on in this way for some time, until Anna had wound several balls, and had disentangled as many knots in her life as she had in the skeins of worsted.

She began to see the secret of Fannie's cheerful life, better even than she had seen it in Fannie's own home, during those bright Summer days, when she had not cared to learn any lessons. She began to see what the best life was. It was the most perfectly rounded one; not one which stood out in angles and corners, but one which was so shaped as to touch every other human life at some point. Such lives we may all have, if we labor day by day to mould them according to our perfect Pattern; if we accept all that God sends, scorning nothing and turning away from nothing, letting sympathy and truth and love and charity and humility all fit in their proper places, with God's sweet sunlight and His gentle rain over it all.

Fannie was eager to help Anna out of the perplexed way in which she had once been herself. The day before she went away she asked, as a special favor to herself, that Anna would go often and see Julia. "Keep her from getting lonely and 'dreaming' too much. Run in of an evening as often as you can, and keep up the little sociabilities."

Anna promised. She understood why Fannie was anxious about Julia, but she did not know then, as she learned afterwards, how trying to help another is often the very best way of helping ourselves.

Every one missed Fannie when she had gone. There was something in her quiet, cheerful way, and in her ready sympathy, which had greatly helped them.

Julia looked very dismal as the train swept out of sight and carried away her good friend. She could almost have cried, if the other girls had not been there. "But I wont let myself get back into the old dreaming ways!" she said resolutely. "I must take fast hold of the present, no matter how rough it is, and make it as good as I can!"

For any girl who makes that resolution there is no fear of the future; God will take care of that.

Little Maggie missed her comforting friend too; poor little Maggie, who was only just beginning to find her way through the dark shadow back to the old life again—the old life, which was yet not the old life, because of the joy and girl-gladness that had gone out of it.

Maggie used often to think back upon the bright Summer at Cheswick, upon all her gay young life, that had seemed such a merry thing, with nothing more to mar it than the daily school lessons, and wonder that it could have been so bright, a life with such sad possibilities in it! But there is a time for all things, and God knows best. Perhaps life might have become, indeed, merely a play to Maggie if He had not sent her this sorrow to give her serious thoughts and new desires.

The last days of Winter passed on, and the girls kept up the old amusements and associations, with now and then a new one, of which Julia always wrote a glowing description to Fannie Evert, but did not mention who originated them. Gradually Julia's letters assumed a more cheerful tone, and her friend knew that things must be going on well.

Once she wrote: "Nelson and I are fitting up the library anew. More book-cases, a new portfolio-stand, and some cosey chairs, where I have some dreamy hopes of yet sitting to write a book for you all to read."

She was writing a book then, but she did not know it—a life-book; and the last Winter's days were beautiful pages, that would teach a good story to many young hearts.

Again she wrote: "We are at our German at last—Ida and Palmer and Ellen and Nelson and myself. We had to beg Nelson hard, but now he is full of it, studies more than any of us, and expects soon to read Schiller in the original at the society."

Such little tokens as these were very pleasant to Fannie and Alfred, as they fulfilled their own daily duties in their Cheswick home. Just before the beginning of Lent the literary society held a little entertainment: not on such a grand scale as they had at first proposed, but "just something to show their friends what they could do." It was Maggie

herself who urged them to have it, though she herself did not go back to the society at all that season. She knew they had intended it, and did not want them to give it up on her account.

So a great many of the St. Andrew's people found out what their young folks were doing among themselves, and expressed great approval and admiration.

"How pleasant it is to see them care for such things," said more than one parent, as the exercises went on, and the faces of the young people shone brightly from their end of the room. And more than one parent, too, followed with admiring eyes Nelson's manly figure, as he moved about, directing all things.

"He's going to make a fine business fellow," said Mr. Reed to himself; "I rather wonder at his taking an interest in things of this sort."

And Julia was so happy that she ran "behind the scenes," now and then, to clap her hands and to smile at all the good which had come to her.

XXIX.

"The bishop is coming at Easter."

Miss Walker said it to her class of girls on the Sunday morning before Ash-Wednesday. And her heart was full of earnest prayer as she added, "I wish that my girls might be ready then to fulfil their baptismal vows."

The rector repeated the notice in church: "The bishop will visit us at Easter, and I would like all those who are thinking of being confirmed to meet me in the Sunday-school room on Tuesday afternoon."

The hearts of our girls beat faster at the thought. It was time, they knew; time for them to take upon themselves the promises that had been made for them at their baptism; time for them, unto whom life was opening wider, with responsibilities and needs, to join the company of faithful soldiers and servants who would follow the Master unto victory. It was time for them to possess themselves of the strong hand that could hold them in the days of temptation; time for them to find the great heart of love which could rest and comfort them in the hours of trial and care; time for them to take their stand by His side who knew all the way, and could guide them safely to the heavenly home.

"Shall we go, Ida?" asked Julia Reed, as they walked home from church, and spoke of the rector's notice.

"Yes, Julia; and don't you think all the girls will? Sophy will, I am sure; and Ellen, and it will be so much better to go all together."

"Oh, a great deal pleasanter! Miss Walker is anxious I know. She has taught us so long, and we have neglected this one thing."

"I will see Maggie and Anna after school to-morrow. I think perhaps Maggie is ready; poor little thing! I saw the tears in her eyes as she bent over her Prayer Book this morning when Miss Walker spoke of it."

"And Anna; what do you think about Anna?" asked Julia, looking eagerly into the face of her girl-friend, who had such a way of getting near to people's hearts.

"Well, don't you think that Anna is different, somehow, lately? I mean cares more for serious things, and seems more anxious to be living a noble life?"

"She can too, for she's a splendid girl underneath all her ribbons and ruffles!"

It was Ned Adams who said it; coming up behind the girls, and taking up the talk where Ida left it.

"Have you discovered that, Ned?"

"Yes, it's one of the good results of our literary meetings, and other gettings together! I wont say what I have found other girls to be worth, but I think it's a better sort of world all round, after this Winter!"

"It began up among the hills in Cheswick last Summer, where the cross showed from every point!" thought Julia to herself.

And both girls were very glad and surprised to hear Ned speak in that way.

"I think Sophy has revealed more hidden worth than any of us," said Ida. "I should suppose you would be very proud of her."

"I am, indeed. I have no words to tell how I rejoice in my sister, and find comfort in her every day."

Could it really be Ned? Ned who had said that morning in the cars on the way home from Cheswick, "Sophy, oh, she'll sing 'Mollie Darling,' and all the rest, and wear pretty dresses, and be nice."

Ah! both Ned and Sophy had grown larger in heart and life since that Summer's day, and so had come to be more to each other, as they found more need for each other.

Ida kept her promise of seeing Maggie and Anna the next day. Maggie had not gone back to school since her mother's death; but she was figuring by herself, with an algebra in her hand, when Ida went in to find her. And she raised her face with a little smile of pleasure when she heard her friend's voice—her pale face so childish and so sorrowful.

Ida told her about school—how the classes had gone that day; how her favorite teachers had asked after her, and how the girls were busy with preparations for the Spring examination. And after they had talked awhile over such things, Ida spoke of the bishop's visit; said she was glad he was coming at Easter, for it was such a pleasant time.

"And, Maggie, don't you think we might be confirmed; you and I and the other girls? It will be so good if we can all begin the new life together."

Maggie's voice trembled a little in answering.

"I have thought about it," she said. "Somehow, I have thought more of such things lately. But, Ida, doesn't it seem like going to God when there isn't anything else left? You know I didn't think about being His child before."

"I think He is willing that we should come in that way. If we should try everything else first, and then go to Him, at last, to find the best good, I am sure He would receive us just as kindly."

"It seems to me I need Him more now," said Maggie, looking about the room in a desolate way.

And the two girls talked on together, until they decided at least to go to the rector's meeting the next day, and hear what he said.

Anna Croy could not be persuaded to go to the rector's class that first day. She was undecided. There were some things which she feared she was not quite willing to give up for the Master's sake.

"And besides, I am not good enough! What could I do for Him, if I should put on His robes, and live this poor little life I am living now?"

"It will make the little life better and nobler," answered Ida.

But Anna would not be persuaded.

As Ida went from her friend's house she met Miss Walker just going there. She was very glad; "for there is nobody like Miss Walker," she said, looking back at the faithful teacher as she went up the steps of Anna's house.

All the girls, except Anna, went to the rector's first meeting, and felt themselves more and more ready to put on the armor of God, and appear as His servants before all the world. All that week Anna Croy thought about it. Her duty seemed plain; and yet she hesitated about taking a step which involved so much. The Saviour's words came to her over and over again, sounding as if He himself were speaking directly to her: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I also confess before My Father which is in heaven. And whosoever shall deny Me ——" that was hardest for Anna; she could not deny Him who had done so much for her; deny Him—and be denied by Him some day, perhaps, before the dear Father's face!

And after all, what was it? Just going to a friend who loved her with a wonderful love and giving her whole life into His direction and care. She would not be ashamed to do that for an earthly friend; no one would. And why should she hesitate when the King of heaven asked her?

She must make it a life worth living then, and how could she? what could she do for Him?

Over and over, in the days and nights, she asked herself these questions. And over and over the answer came to her, only, "Come unto Me," that was all.

Sometimes she felt as if she would give it all up and live her own old life; and then how unkind and selfish it seemed to turn away from One who had loved and waited for her so long!

At last, "I will go to Mr. Barrow's next class," she said. And once the first step taken, once there among the other girls who were going to consecrate their lives to God, it all seemed easy and good.

And Anna joined the other young people of St. Andrew's in preparing for confirmation.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS A CATHOLIC EPISTLE?

The latter of the two general divisions of the New Testament into Gospels and Epistles is further subdivided into Catholic and Pauline Epistles. Following the order in which they are given in the earlier Greek and Latin manuscripts, the former class embraces the Epistle of St. James, the two Epistles of St. Peter, the three which have come down to us under the name of St. John, and that of St. Jude. The designation of these epistles as "catholic" [*καθολικαί*] is very ancient, and the question is what we are to understand by it. As we shall see, its exact sense is by no means as clear as, we have reason to believe, is generally supposed.

The use of the term in the primitive Church betrays an unfixedness in its application which it will be useful briefly to trace. Thus, judging from the fact that Origen applies it to the Epistle of Barnabas, it was not at first the exclusive designation of what we now receive as canonical books of the New Testament. It is well known in what high esteem the Epistle of Barnabas was then held, many even going so far as to consider it a canonical book; but whether this is the reason why

Origen calls it a catholic epistle, or whether he did so because that word was then regarded as applicable to certain canonical and uncanonical books alike, cannot now be determined. Supposing, however, that this name was gradually reserved as a distinctive title of canonical writings, its application by Clement of Alexandria, the less illustrious predecessor of the great Origen, to the apostolical letter sent by the Council of Jerusalem to the Gentile converts (Acts xv. 23–29), plainly shows that neither, on the other hand, was it at first the exclusive designation of the seven epistles to which alone it finally adhered. It is almost equally uncertain on what principle Clement calls the letter embodying the decisions of the Council of Jerusalem a catholic epistle; but, whatever it may have been, it is evident that, on the same principle, we may apply the same epithet to the Epistle of the Hebrews, for both epistles are canonical; and if the former is addressed to all the Gentile converts, the latter is addressed to all the Jewish converts. If we bear in mind that, at the time of which we are now speaking, the Pauline authorship of Hebrews was as little established as it is now, the fact that that epistle has not been grouped with the catholic epistles furnishes another proof that the classification of the books of the New Testament was not conducted according to the most rigorous rules. As the collective name of the seven epistles which we have mentioned, catholic is not found before the beginning of the fourth century. As far as we know, Eusebius, the father of Church history, is the first writer that uses it in that sense; but it is evident from the manner in which he introduces it that it had already been so used before him. Exactly when and with whom this usage of the word arose cannot now be determined. It was evidently a result that came about very gradually; for as early as the beginning of the third century Clement and Origen speak of St. Jude as a catholic epistle. Dionysius of Alexandria and Origen apply the same term to the First Epistle of St. John, and the latter most probably also means to give the same name to the First Epistle of St. Peter.

Based upon this early use of the word, various hypotheses have been formed as to its real meaning, the most important of which we shall now examine. The least satisfactory of these hypotheses is the one which simply sees in this use of the term catholic the collective designation of these epistles as forming one of the divisions of the New Testament canon. Those who entertain this view suppose that, similarly to the division of the Old Testament into the Law, the Prophets, and the (remaining) Writings, the New Testament was divided into the Gospels and Acts, the Pauline Epistles, and the *Remaining* (καθόλου) *Epistles*. As the reader sees, καθόλου is here taken in the sense of *in general, altogether, for the rest*, etc.; and it is further supposed that, for the sake of brevity and greater uniformity, this title was afterwards shortened to catholic epistles, καθολικαί being regularly formed from καθόλου.

This hypothesis has evidently been framed for the purpose of avoiding the objections to which the other explanations of this use of catholic are open; but in avoiding those difficulties it has exposed itself to others equally great, if not still greater. There are three principal objections to it. In the first place, it cannot be shown that catholic was ever used in the primitive Church in the sense in which it is here employed. Secondly, even if such an ecclesiastical use of the word could be proven, it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to show how letters written by *different* authors could be classified under it. And, finally, the catholic epistles always precede the Pauline epistles in the order of arrangement followed in the older manuscripts and by the best modern editors.

A somewhat better view is to suppose that catholic is here used as antithetical to heretical—so that a catholic epistle would be an epistle containing and teaching the truth in opposition to an epistle containing and teaching error. On this hypothesis we may suppose that the catholic epistles were so called either because the Church regarded them as setting forth the true doctrines in opposition to various forms of heresy, or because those epistles were generally recognized and received as canonical writings, which is not necessarily the same thing. Several considerations may be urged in favor of the former supposition: (*a*) Catholic is frequently used with that meaning by Eusebius. (*b*) It receives some support from the fact that, as catholic, the Church is of course a *true* church. And (*c*) it would explain why other than inspired writings, as we have seen was the case, were honored by that title. Still, these points are not decisive; the difficulties which they surmount can be removed in another way as well; and the supposition labors under the serious disadvantage of at least appearing to deny the canonicity of epistles called catholic; and if it does not necessarily imply that, then, in so far at least as that name was given to canonical epistles, it was weak and wholly useless, for a canonical book is of necessity a true book. The latter supposition is still less acceptable. The only support upon which it rests is a later Latin usage, according to which the catholic epistles were called canonical epistles (epistolae canonicae). It is well known, however, that Eusebius, who, as we have already pointed out, was the first to give the collective name catholic to our general epistles, divides the primitive Christian literature into three classes: in the first class he puts all books whose apostolical origin the whole Church then admitted; in the second, those whose canonicity some still doubted; and in the third, all those books whose origin the Church considered as apocryphal or heretical. Now, by looking over the three lists which he gives, we find only two of the catholic epistles in the first class, viz., the First Epistle of St. Peter and the First Epistle of St. John; whilst the remaining five are found in the second class, that is, among those books whose right to a place in the canon had not yet been fully established. This is conclusive evidence that with Eusebius canonical and catholic were not interchangeable terms. Besides, if catholic and canonical were then synonymous words, with what propriety could the general epistles only be called catholic, and not also the Pauline epistles (catholic, it seems, was exclusively applied to *epistles*), whose canonicity was at that time less doubted than that of the remaining epistles? The politic Eusebius would certainly have been the last to become guilty of such a glaring inconsistency.

The third and last view which we shall mention supposes that the catholic epistles were so named because they were composed, not for the use of a single individual, a single congregation of Christians, or even of a single city or country; but for the use of Christendom at large, or, at least, of a whole class of Christians. In favor of this hypothesis are: (*a*) The undisputed meaning of catholic as *common, general, universal*. (*b*) The express testimony to that effect of Leontius, a Greek ecclesiastical writer of the sixth century, who says these epistles "are called catholic because they were not written to one nation, as were those of Paul, but to all nations in general." And (*c*) the same meaning of catholic as applied to the Christian Church. The objections to this view are two: first, on the one hand, two of the catholic epistles, viz., the Second and Third Epistles of St. John are addressed to individuals; they should not, therefore, have been classified under that head if catholic means universal. And, secondly, the Epistle to the Hebrews, on the other hand, is as much of a universal epistle as either of the epistles of St. Peter, and yet we find it in the collection of St. Paul's epistles. Different persons accord different degrees of importance to these objections; but, whatever be their due weight, they can scarcely outweigh the positive evidence which we possess for this interpretation of catholic; and when we properly consider the propriety which exists in classifying together the productions of the same person, particularly when these are so few as in the present instances, their force will be very considerably diminished, even if it will entirely disappear.

If this view of a catholic epistle be correct, what difference is there between it and one of St. Paul's epistles? As addressed to Christians at large, its contents would naturally be more general, more universally applicable; whilst St. Paul, writing to a particular person, or to a Church in a particular city or country, would in part, at least, discuss matters more or less peculiar to the persons whom he was more especially addressing. But this difference must not be pressed too far; for the contents of perhaps the majority of St. Paul's epistles are of as universal application as is anything found in the Catholic Epistles. Nor must it be supposed that the latter, because they are *catholic* epistles, are for that reason more important than the others. Indeed, if any such distinction were called for, it would have to be made in favor of the writings of St. Paul. Properly speaking, therefore, the designation catholic epistles practically amounts to nothing more than a convenient title of one of the divisions of the New Testament canon.

THE TRUE INDIAN POLICY.

Among the temporary visitors in Stock bridge is Capt. Pratt, of Fort Marion celebrity, the very successful civilizer of the Indian braves committed to his charge as prisoners at St. Augustine about two years ago. He is visiting Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., who spends his Summer vacation here, in consultation about a new departure, which promises much for the right solution of the Indian question. Gen. Armstrong's experiment with fifteen of the Fort Marion Indians, who have been under instruction at Hampton for some months past, has proved so successful that a project is now under foot of bringing there some fifty more, selected from the Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes, by consent of their chiefs, and educating them in connection with an equal number of Indian girls. The idea is to have the best civilization, under the best possible environments,

strike them all around, at all points, the s as well as the boys, with a view to fu- domestic and industrial progress among r own people. Capt. Pratt, who is an plains fighter and an adept with the In- ns, and enthusiastic, as well, for the thor- h trial of this project, will take two of his t Indian successes, already comparatively ll civilized and educated, and young men influence and rank at home, on an embassy the tribes aforesaid, to see what can at once done. He has been detailed to assist Gen. mstrong at Hampton. The authorities at ashington are interested in a fair trial of experiment, and with the general's well- own push and customary fulfilment of at he puts his hand to, we may expect to r more from this matter, and especially a pressing and immediate call for charitable lp to the tune of say $10,000. If the gov- nment could be persuaded to assume the pense at the present stage of the experi- nt, it might clog it more than it would help —*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

THE PEACE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. E. B. RUSSELL.

Standing at the close of day on the brow me lofty hill, and seeing the circle of owing mountains folded in the last col- s of the sunset and the shadows of twilight; oking back at the dark wood where the vilight seems to have fled before the darker ight; looking down at the village whose hite spires and houses grow dimmer as lights ere and there twinkle in the dwellings, the ountains seem to enclose all things in peace nd to bring peace to all. Here, in the heart f the hills, is the scene of so many human ctivities. Here the dark roads wind away ut of sight, beyond the mountains and for- sts, to lonely farm-houses, among their fields nd upland pastures, their inmates gathering round the lighted table to read the welcome age, or the yet more welcome epistle. Without, in barn and stable and fold, beasts f use and of burden are resting; and round all are the silent, dark, mysterious mountains. The night comes, and grows bluer and deeper, and the stars burn brighter; and in the forests the very birds are asleep, and only the gurgle of the falling brooks breaks the silence of the midnight, while the mountains, in their loneliness and grandeur, are guarding, watching all.

And so in morning and at night they stand there like walls about us; a fortress of de- fence to many, a prison to others, but to nearly all the beautiful protection that shuts them from contact with the rough outer world of still wider range, in cities and busy sea- ports. And yet here is the same human heart, here is much the same life, here are many of the same issues and cares and trials and concerns, on a smaller scale, as those that agitate dwellers in crowded towns, who hurry on upon the crowded pavement day and night, and say: "Oh, if I could be beyond the mountains, dwelling in some calm, cool valley, how this fever of unrest would be soothed; how this unyielding pressure would disappear; how this daily fret and eagerness would cease awhile! 'The mountains shall bring peace!'" So many think of these words, and the very thought of them is joy and comfort.

They are lonely and they are grand, these mountains; like great truths that ever sur- round us, ever appeal to us, and yet are so rarely reached practically. It is only a few out of the multitudinous many who climb the hill-tops, and it is only a few out of the many who attain to the height of a practical living of great and grand precepts. The sen- tences of Divine instruction in the Scriptures which we so frequently hear are like the mountains. We enjoy their beauty from our daily level, but we do not often reach the high realization of them, or all that they would grant us to behold from their lofty heights. And so there is a loneliness and a grandeur about these mountains themselves, a solitary splendor, as they stand about it so nobly, as if to ward off any approach of evil.

And, looking down from them on human habitations at the close of day, you feel sep- arated from the world's concerns and cares, and you cannot realize that in these houses there can be anything that is evil, or wrong, or false, or hateful. On one side the white gleaming among the trees shows where the dead are sleeping—those whose forms once moved in the embowered streets, and now repose just beyond all their former haunts. You know that below you, in house and home and office, there is a world in miniature, with all its good and all its evil features, and yet with the mountains you are for the time lifted above all this, and you share something of the loneliness and grandeur in your own spirit, as you breathe that higher and purer atmosphere. "The mountains shall bring peace."

How often on the summits in the olden time can we picture the grand forms of the proph- ets, the law-givers, the poets of God. There is the majestic figure of Moses on Sinai and on Nebo. On Sinai he is in the great act of his life, communing with and receiving di- rection from God. On Nebo, he stands look- ing over the promised land to which he had led his people, but which he was only to see from that high place. Thus life's great effort in one, life's great close in the other, with the work all done. He saw the gleaming pros- pect of that bounteous land, and if his spirit saddened as he thought it could not be for him, he rejoiced that it should be for them; and so, a part of the mountains themselves, and their grand majesty, he died, and angels buried him, and no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.

David upon the mountains of Gilboa and Hermon and Tabor and Lebanon, in all the years of his eventful life is connected with them in his poetry and in his life. His early days of pastoral life and devoted friendship, his late days of warlike enterprise; then his kingly glory; then his dying hours, when from his windows he could have seen the mountains which he sang about, and beheld the sunset on them for the last time, these are all features in his history Often they brought peace to him when his soul was bright in youth; or when he was weary again in late struggles; or when, in his palace, with all his cares and anxieties, he looked out and beheld the long ranges about Jerusalem, and wished to be beyond them in some sweet vale of rest. The mountains were to bring peace and righteousness unto the people, for over their summit the light of a brighter day was yet to dawn, and on them should stand One of whom David, as King of Israel, felt himself to be the antitype and harbinger.

With Jesus every thought of the moun- tains is peaceful, beautiful, or majestic. They were the scenes of many of His most glorious manifestations, and witnessed many of His greatest miracles. And the mountains He sought for rest, and to them retired for prayer. Their sublimity was a refreshment to Him at all times, and their pure air seemed to inspire Him to new efforts. It was on a mountain that He was transfigured; on one that He suffered; on one that He ascended into heaven; and all of these have brought peace to a world that would have been inharmonious indeed, and jarring with discords, if Jesus had not, from the mountains, taught, and blessed, and saved the world.

And this psalm from which the title is taken was written by David for Solomon, and is pro- phetical of the Messiah. "The mountains shall bring peace." Why should they seem, above all others, the emblems of and tokens of seren- ity? Because in Judea, in times when wars were at an end, they were cultivated to the summit. Terrace after terrace rose up the mountain side, and their products bloomed in perfect beauty and in perfect safety. Here it was the leafy vineyard basking in the sun, there it was the waving wheat-field. The mountains flowing with milk and dropping down new wine were not mere figures of speech then, because the rich upland pastures gave such luxuriant herbage to "the cattle upon a thousand hills." And the vineyards were as some sheltered spot where the warm sunshine could ripen their purple grapes. Traces yet remain of the stone terrace-work on the mountains in Judea, "where the land had rest," and was, in its prosperous days, like a garden of the Lord. And so the mountains did bring peace, for only in peaceful times could they be so thoroughly cultivated. And when up among the forests the people saw a heap of corn upon the top of the moun- tains, it was a sign, and a sure one, that the bloody chariots of war were far distant from scenes like these. To view the harvest on the hills was then a joyous sight, and in their gladness the people could cry out, "Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree that is therein."

Bulwarks of the valley, against the winds that would otherwise desolate the earth, mag- netic in their power to attract clouds, and so to send rain upon the earth, they so bring peace to us. Without their intervention the torrents that would descend on a level surface would deluge it, but the rains and storms spend their first force upon the mountain-tops ere their powers are felt in the plains below. Again, on the highest mountains vast reser- voirs of ice and snow are the secret sources of thousands of streams that fertilize the heated lands at their base, just as out of a vast cavern of snow, up, far up, in the Hima- layas, the sacred Ganges rushes forth like an arrow to water the arid wastes of India be- neath.

And those who have once dwelt among the mountains love them, love to see them, to come back to them, to climb to their sum mits, to wander along in their forests, and to watch them in all the changes of sunlight and shade.

The Highlander loves his hills, the Swiss his glorious Alps, and in every nature capa- ble of deep emotion there is a beauty in them that brings to the spirit peace indeed. "Oh, those mountains, those magical, giant moun- tains," writes one, "how their silence, their vastness, their terrible beauty, speak to our restless hearts!" So many voices have they. So many songs, and poems, and mysteries, and tragedies, and glories, do they tell you. So many strong, deep chords do they strike

in your soul. They tell you how little you are, but they give you great patience with your own littleness. They bid you look up, as they do, to the heavens above; to stand firm, as they stand firm; to take to yourself the beauty and the grace of passing sunshine, of bird and flower and tree, and rush of brook; to take it and rejoice and be glad in it. Though the gray, sad cliffs are not concealed, and the sorrowful wind moans in the pines, they fill you with infinite patience and tenderness, and send you faith to meet your fate like a hero. Ah, what a pity it is that we must ever leave the mountains, or that, "if we should remain, the mountains might leave us, might speak less to us, sustain and elevate us less. And yet it does not seem that a heart that had a spark of reverence in it could grow too familiar with such majesty."

And they are to us like the protection and the blessing of God. We often think that we are alone in so many things, and that God is not thoughtful of us, because He does not send some special sign in our midday of expectation or toil to assure us of His love. But yet all around us are His mountains of mercy, of grace, of loveliness, of help, wherever in our landscape we may look. Above them all, on some peak like that of Hermon, is the white crest that manifests to us that above all, God is lifted up, and has an inexhaustible store of blessing for all who also lift up their eyes unto His glorious hills.

If beautiful thoughts cluster about these scenes of nature with which we are daily familiar, may the hopes that we have, and the incentives of life, be as the mountains of peace to our eyes as we look upon them day by day. Our hearts cherish high hopes, our souls have many lofty aspirations. There is something in life to lead us upward and onward, without which existence would be dull and drear indeed. And to all there is the hope of life eternal that lifts up the soul to heights where sunshine never dies and shadows never come, the mountain of holiness, the Zion of the heavenly Jerusalem, the land of endless pleasure and of endless peace.

DOES HE HEAR?

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Yes, God will hear any prayer. He may not answer it at once. Perhaps you may not understand the answer every time, but you may be sure he hears. One of you find John xiv. 14."

"I've got it, teacher," said Johnny Day. "May I read it?"

"Certainly. Slowly, now, that all may understand." Miss Duncan noticed with what pride Johnny held his new Bible as he read: "'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.'"

Johnny kept his finger carefully at the text till the school was dismissed, and then he said: "Please, teacher, will you mark the text for me?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Duncan, her heart warming towards the boy. "What a lovely Bible this is, Johnny! Was it given you at Christmas?"

"Yes, ma'am; my Aunt Mary sent it to me. I'm going to use it all my life. Aunt Mary said I mustn't be afraid to mark the verses I liked best; but I am. I can't mark like you can."

"Would you like me to mark some more verses for you?"

"Please."

With a prayer to be guided in her choice she turned the leaves, lingering lovingly over such verses as "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "There is therefore no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus."

"There!" she said in a few minutes, "I've marked quite a number, Johnny. Perhaps by and by you can do this for yourself."

The boy took the Bible, and five minutes later was running races with a couple of boys who had lingered outside for him. Apparently the texts, and even the Bible, were forgotten.

It was a very muddy day, and Johnny had quite a long walk before him; and he was glad enough when a farmer who lived near the Days overtook him and offered him a ride. Johnny handed up his Bible and hymn-book, and then clambered in himself. The wagon was an old-fashioned Rockaway, and happened to be only half full, the mother having stayed at home with a sick child.

"I guess you'd like to sit in front and drive," said the good-natured farmer. So Johnny took the reins, and in his delight at driving forgot all about his books.

"Here we are," said the farmer as they passed Mrs. Day's little cottage. "Hop down, Johnny; and if you come round to-morrow afternoon mother'll give you a pail of buttermilk."

"Thank you, sir. Please hand me my books."

The little girls in the back seat handed out one book—his hymn-book. "My Bible, please." The children stood up, the farmer turned over the cushions and shook out the lap-robes, but the Bible was not to be found. Poor Johnny! His face was growing very anxious and grave.

"What kind of a Bible was it?" asked Mr. Barr.

"A new one, sir, with maps and ——" But Johnny could not command his voice to describe his treasure.

"So! so! That's too bad! I guess it's slipped out under the curtains. Terrible muddy too!" and the good man looked back along the road they had come. "I'll tell you what, Johnny," he said, "don't fret; I can't give you such a fine Bible as the one you've lost, but if you don't find that I'll give you a good plain one."

Johnny couldn't say "Thank you"; he didn't want another Bible. He ran in to tell his mother what had happened, and explain that he was going to walk over the road to try and find his treasure, and then started, with his head bent down, determined not to come home till he found it.

How fast thoughts came as he walked. "I meant to be different; I was going to read a chapter every day! And then there were those texts Miss Duncan marked—I was going to learn every one of them."

His teacher's name recalled the afternoon's lesson. Johnny stood still in the muddy road, dimly remembering the verse he had read. "She said we could ask God for anything; and Jesus said, if we'd ask for anything, He'd hear us! I'll ask Him."

The boy had never prayed before, except at "proper times." Every night and morning he had knelt, and—sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly and thoughtlessly—he had said the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me," etc. Now that he wished to pray he felt he ought to kneel; but one glance around showed him how impossible that was. He had walked some distance, but without a moment's hesitation he turned homewards, and never stopped till he reached his own little room, where he fell on his knees.

"Our Father," he said, with a new strange thankfulness to be able to call the great God by that name. But there he stopped—what words should he use? He could think of none that were fit to use to God; but as he knelt and the thought of his loss came over him, boy as he was, he fairly burst into tears and he cried aloud, "Our Father—my Bible, my Bible! Amen."

Kneeling in the Sunday stillness, it seemed to the boy that he could feel God near him; and though he said no more and made no resolutions, John Day long after dated his new life in Christ from that hour when he first prayed to his heavenly Father. A little later he slipped downstairs and started once more on his quest; but it was beginning to rain and the night was coming on. Still the boy, buoyed up by his faith, pressed on and retraced all the way to the very place he had stood when getting into the wagon. But the Bible was not to be found. Johnny walked back sadly, with a faint doubt in his heart. Had God heard?

Yet that prayer to God had made life seem so new to him—God, as a loving Father, was such a wonderful revelation, that Johnny, when he went to bed, again prayed with all his heart. This time he knew his Father better—he ventured to speak to Him and tell Him, in his boyish way, how very much he loved Him, and how, if he could but have his Bible again, he would study it.

The week passed; no one had seen the Bible; but on the next Saturday evening Mr. Barr himself called at the cottage, with a plainly bound copy of the Scriptures for Johnny. The boy took the book gratefully, and, sitting down, determined to find the verse where Jesus promised to do what we asked for. He remembered the name of the Gospel, and beginning about the fifth chapter of St. John he went steadily on. All the way he read; and what a wonderful story it was for a boy whose heart had already been drawn toward God! He read of the blind receiving sight, of the death and burial of Lazarus; and when he came to that little verse, "Jesus wept," the boy stopped in wonder.

He could understand how the sisters felt. Only two years before his father had been brought home dead, and then his little sister had died. Did Jesus feel sorry for them too?

Further on, with his heart all aglow with desire to be one of the Saviour's disciples, he read: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."

"'Any man!' That means folks nowadays as well as the disciples! And I know Jesus is willlng to take boys, for Miss Duncan told me so." Then suddenly he caught sight of the promise he had been looking for: "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."

"That's it!" he exclaimed; "I didn't ask in His name, so I didn't find it!" Strange to say, he did not ask again.

The boy grew on to manhood, known in all the neighborhood as an earnest Christian, as one who was following Christ very slowly. For years he never had another Bible but the plain one that Mr. Barr had given him; for his mother needed his earnings, and any little sums he could save were soon spent on the poor and sick whom he visited.

One night he took his well-worn Bible and went to a weekly meeting which he and some of his classmates had started. It was held for the study of the Bible, but an evangelist, who had been wonderfully blessed in his labors, had promised that evening to say a few words. The stranger was there, and joined in studying the chapter they had agreed upon. He was then asked to speak, and said he was going to tell them something which he seldom told, for he did not often feel it best to talk of himself. For some reason he felt impelled to do so there.

"I was a very careless and utterly irreligious man seven years ago," he said; "and, worst of all, I drank. I had become such a slave to this habit that my wife had left me, and I was wandering from the city where we had lived. It happened that on a Sunday afternoon I passed along the high road, longing to reach a public-house where I could quench the thirst that was tormenting me. It was very muddy, so that my walk had wearied me, and I was feeling low-spirited and dejected. Just then I saw something lying in the middle of the road. I picked it up; it was a book—a Bible.

"My friends, I tell you this because I notice that some of you have marked your Bibles, while one or two have not. Don't hesitate to mark them.

"I picked up the Bible, and might have thrown it down again, but I happened to see a text was marked. I was curious to see why that particular verse was singled out, and read it: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I told you I was weary; you can fancy how that text spoke to me. Suddenly I seemed to see myself—I could not come; I was not fit!"

"I turned the leaves of the Bible and caught sight of another mark. The verse was: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Friends, I need not tell you much more when I show you that very Bible—my companion ever since. I don't know the man that dropped it; I've often prayed for him. But if not in this life, yet in the next, he will learn that his lost Bible has been the means of saving my soul."

So John Day's first prayer was answered. He saw his own Bible, and as he learned what a gain his loss had been, and remembered that it was through that loss that he first learned to pray, he bowed his head and gave thanks.

BAPTIZING FOR THE DEAD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE G. HEPBURN.

"Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead?"—*I. Corinthians* xv. 29.

This question of the Apostle St. Paul, which is so frequently and forcibly brought to our notice by the fact that it occurs in the lesson in the Burial Service, is generally supposed to be an obscure text of Scripture; or, if understood at all, to admit of one, and but one, interpretation—that it must treat the doctrine of vicarious baptism, *i. e.*, the baptizing of the living person for the benefit of one who had died unbaptized, or else we cannot tell what it teaches. This interpretation is universally rejected, for it cannot be believed that the apostle would countenance so grovelling a superstition, involving, says Calvin, "a profanation of baptism, and drawing it into an abuse quite magical." Is it impossible, then, to obtain any other exposition of the text at once more reasonable and more in harmony with the argument which runs through the entire chapter? Let us see.

Manifestly the sense of the text depends very much upon the meaning of the preposition *ὑπερ*. That the meaning of this word is all-important in order to ascertain the real meaning of the verse, will appear the more evident when we consider that the Sinaitic MS. has "Why are they then baptized *for them?*" instead of "for the dead," at the close of the verse, according to the Authorized Version. Now *ὑπερ* may mean "in the place of," denoting succession, according to Parkhurst's Lexicon. We may, then, with great confidence in the correctness of our position, paraphrase the text thus: What will they benefit themselves who are baptized to succeed into the place of those who are fallen martyrs in the cause of Christ? What is the use of being baptized in the room of others as witnesses to the resurrection of Christ, if there be no resurrection? "I am willing"—this is the spirit of the apostle's language—"I am willing to go through the sufferings of death daily if I can only persuade others that this life is not the *end* of our being. That to depart and be with Christ is far better. It is for this that we are baptized; for if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. We are buried with Christ in baptism, in the hope of a joyful resurrection. Else, in view of our earthly state, what use would there be of being baptized for a death after which there is no resurrection?"

There is certainly no violence done to either text or context in what is here offered. May it prove a comfort to those who search the Scriptures.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY E. U.

Quiet is everywhere, save when the wheels
Of tardy traffic strike the silent stones,
And bring, like Orpheus, music from their breasts.
Peace lays her gentle hand on aching brows,
Cools the hot pulse, dries tears from weeping eyes,
And draws a veil between the weary soul
And all the scenes of daily fret and care.
On pure, white brows it lays the touch of angels,
Which the soul, half-conscious, answers in its dreams
With smiling face and sighs of happiness.
To those who, by some error, may have fall'n
From present favor in the sight of God,
The night's sweet influence speaks of better things—
Of reinstated grace, and love made manifold
For sin repented and for wrong confessed.
But, as it were, from mortal body free,
And free to go, in spirit, where they list,
They, who are doubly blessed for constant faith
And lives not swerving from the laws of God,
Tread, with a joyous bound, the ascending air,
Rush on the pinions of a spirit pure,
And hover near God's presence filled with joy,
Beholding darkly, through a glass, the light
Which mortal eyes see not; but, dying, may,
Be they the chosen sheep of God's right hand.
Then, tasting of the heavenly manna, they,
With faith refreshed, seek earthly joys again,
Yet bearing in their hearts and outward acts
A savor of the heavenly courts above.
May God be blessèd for such times as these,
In which the soul, as does the gentle dove,
Disdaining all that savors of the earth,
May plume her wings to dart to higher spheres.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

Thirty-first Evening.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

We thought, not long since, of a great friendship between two brothers, and how their love was knit by one bringing the other to Jesus. Now I want to look a little while at a great friendship between two strangers. For true friendships are quite as much God's gift and order as relationships.

Neither of these friends brought the other to love Christ. It was the love of Christ our Lord which drew them to each other. Their friendship was like that most beautiful friendship of Jonathan and David, in one of the friends having a generous delight in bringing out the other's great qualities and rejoicing to be himself hidden in their light.

You will probably have guessed that I am thinking of Paul and Barnabas.

When their acquaintance began, Paul had just come for the first time, since he became a disciple of Jesus, to Jerusalem. He was still known by his old name, Saul. It must have been a bitter and trying time for him.

The last time he had been in Jerusalem he had been one of the chief hopes of the great party of the Pharisees. He had thrown himself with all the fervor of his youth and character into the battle against the new doctrine; and the enthusiasm of genius and youth is nowhere more welcome than among the partisans of what is stationary, and old, and fading away. It was something to have the fiery eloquence of Saul to oppose the burning warnings and denunciations of Stephen, of the Galilean "fanatics," and the Grecian converts. We know the part he took in the death of Stephen.

Doubtless St. Paul never repented what he had given up for Jesus; he counted it all refuse that he might win Christ; but he had indeed given up forever all he had hitherto most prized, and perhaps he never felt it more than just at this moment when he came back again to Jerusalem.

All the doors that had been open to him were closed. From all the houses where he had been most welcome he would have been driven with scorn as a traitor or a madman.

At Damascus his previous friends had tried to kill him; the Christians had to let him down in a basket from the walls at night, to save him from the Jews who were watching the gates to slay him. At Jerusalem they would have done the same; they did the same afterwards, forty young men binding themselves together as against a public criminal to kill him. But that was not what made the terrible loneliness for Saul now at Jerusalem. He had counted on the hatred of those who rejected Christ; but he could scarcely have counted on such a reception as he met with from the Church.

In all that history of distresses and persecutions and hungerings and stonings, I think there is no point where his heart must have sunk so low as in that mentioned in this little quiet verse. When Saul was come to Jerusalem he "assayed to join himself to the disciples; but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he had been a disciple."

Cast out and accursed, for Christ's sake,

by all who had honored him before, he tried to join and be one with that despised and outcast sect, and they turned away from him. He was cast out by the outcasts to whom all his heart yearned. And yet it was no wonder it should be so. He himself could scarcely have wondered. They thought him a traitor. They did not believe he believed. They could not forget how the eloquence of Stephen, and the face that shone as an angel, and his heroic patience, and his dying forgiveness, and his cry of joy as he saw heaven opened, had left Saul's heart, at once so stony, it seemed, and so fiery, unmoved. They could not forget that from sharing unsoftened in the murder of the first martyr, Saul had gone raging into their homes and torn mothers and fathers, and brothers and sisters from each other, shutting them up in prison, his every breath seeming a threat of cruel punishment and slaughter. They were all afraid of him, the apostles, the shepherds, doubtless fearing for the flock, lest coming among them as a wolf in sheep's clothing, once in their midst he should begin again, at a vantage, his cruel work of tearing and scattering the sheep. For there was one injury far deeper than any other he had inflicted (recorded only in his own words): "he had compelled some of them to blaspheme." He had not only scattered and slain; he had made them fall from Christ. This was hard to forget or forgive.

Not a voice was raised for him; not a kindly face was turned to him in welcome and confidence. And then it was that Barnabas "took him," received and welcomed him, went and stood by his side, made himself one with him, believed his wonderful story (no doubt many others had heard it), and at last made it so clear to the rest that very soon the fear had all vanished, and "he was with the disciples, coming in and going out," as a familiar, trusted brother among them.

But it was the first heart that trusted him which turned the tide, the brave and tender heart of Barnabas. There is little value in the tenderness that is not brave. But it is the really tender who are brave, and the really brave who are tender. It was the tenderness which made Barnabas a son of consolation which gave him courage to take that poor, forlorn, distrusted man to his heart and trust him. It was the love which had make him sell his land to give to the Church which opened his eyes to see and understand St. Paul.

It is easy and valueless to praise when the tide has turned. It is an inestimable privilege to recognize some unjustly judged, misunderstood, good man, cheer and comfort his heart with comprehension, and shield him with honor, until others learn to understand him too. Such love and courage as that of Barnabas it is that make the history of the Church and the world worth reading or writing.

Paul's life was too intense and powerful to remain hidden. His daring preaching and debating enraged those he could not convince. Soon his life was in danger, as at Damascus, and the brethren sent him away to the sea-coast and then to his native Tarsus. There he remained, as far as we know, hidden and forgotten. Great events were taking place in the Church, but no one seemed to want Saul of Tarsus. The event was happening which was to be indentified with him above all other men in the world. The very storm St. Paul had roused was sweeping the vessel of the Church out of the Jewish haven into the wide open seas. "They which were scattered, upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, came to Antioch, and there they spoke unto the Greeks, preaching the Lord Jesus. And a great number believed."

This Christian Church was taking a new starting-point and a new name at Antioch. But the Apostle of the Gentiles was hidden in silence at Tarsus. Then the apostles at Jerusalem sent Barnabas to see what was happening at Antioch, and his large heart was glad, as it well might be. And in his gladness, at once he, and only he, remembered Paul in his loneliness at Tarsus. In the beginning our Lord had told Ananias, at Damascus, how he had chosen Paul to bear His name to the Gentiles. But it was through the insight which love and sympathy gave to the heart of Barnabas that the great apostle's commission came to him. Barnabas went to Tarsus to see Saul, and when he had found him he brought him to Antioch. After that, these two were recognized as the two to be sent out together, according to that Divine plan of Jesus of sending the disciples two and two.

First they continued a year at Antioch. Then they were sent with money to help the famine-stricken brethren in Judea. And then, at the command of the Holy Ghost, they were separated and sent away on that glorious journey of evangelization among Jews to Gentiles to Cyprus and Asia Minor. They were welcomed together, worshipped together, and persecuted together.

Then when at Lystra the wave of Jewish narrowness swept back over the Church, and some began again to insist on the old ceremonies being imposed on the new Gentile converts, these two were sent to Jerusalem to explain all to the apostles. And by the way the joy of the new world-wide Church of Christ flowed through their joyful lips to Samaria. They carried "great joy" there.

And then came the little rift, widening into a rending asunder which broke up that generous and helpful friendship. We who look back on it from a distance can feel that it was but a temporary severing, but at the time the contention was very sharp, and seemed a bitter end to what had been so strong and blessed.

We indeed can see the diversity of character, so beneficial to the Church, from which the division sprang; the love at the bottom of the strife, into which the strife has so long since melted away. St. Paul, founder and guide that he was, could not suffer the whole stability of his Divine work to be risked by the instability of Mark, who had left them once to return to his home. Barnabas, strong in the same hopeful and forgiving love which had made him first welcome and receive Paul himself, probably could not bear that his sister's son should not have another trial.

Whether the strife was ever quite healed on earth we know not. We know that St. Paul did afterwards take Mark into close intimacy and fellow-service. To the Colossians he commends Mark as "sister's son to Barnabas," as if that were recommendation enough. In his last days at Rome, being such a one as Paul the aged, he wrote: "Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

His own severity and Barnabas's gentleness had perhaps renewed and strengthened whatever needed renewing and strengthening in Mark's character, and had made him all Barnabas had hoped he would be, and St. Paul had feared he would not be. Perhaps Barnabas did not long survive the contention. His name is not mentioned again.

But God's gifts are forever. The hearts our Lord Jesus Christ binds together are bound together in a love that cannot perish or change. And, looking upward and forward, we know that the generous heart of him who took "Saul" to himself when none else on earth would, has long since welcomed the glorious apostle he sought out at Tarsus into the presence of the everlasting, healing, forgiving, crowning love in heaven.

"TIMMY."

BY E. H.

It was such a wee face: drawn with pain, and fever-burned, with a restless yellow head that tossed from side to side in a vain search for a cool spot on the hard pillow!

A low, bare room; cheerless and cold enough in the easterly storm that was raging. Close to the one window a woman was bending over her sewing. A few chairs, a table, a broken stove, fireless, and the fast deepening shadows to fill up the corners, were all the little one's heavy eyes found to rest on when they opened.

Out-of-doors the rain was beating down, dashing with hasty tapping fingers against the closed doors and windows; hurrying down the gutters in noisy, tumbling rivers, and sweeping the pavements clear of all but a few hurrying men, the dripping newsboys, and now and then a scurrying dog.

Such a pitiless wind was blowing, too! It roared and danced, whirled umbrellas about, and blew away hats without the slightest regard for the people's feelings. As every dash came louder and harder against the window, the little sick boy opened his eyes and moaned:

"Where's my Timmy? Oh, why don't my Timmy come home?"

"Hush, dear, there's a darling; Timmy'll come home just as soon as he can. Maybe he'll bring that red rose. Yes," seeing the brightening look in the heavy eyes, "just as like as not he's bringing it now. Lie still, that's a dear, till mother finishes this shirt; the daylight's almost gone."

So the little boy tried hard to lie still, and could only moan and toss about until even his fever-dulled ear caught the sound of a quick, careful step on the creaking stairs. The door opened, and with a glad cry the little sick boy threw his arms around the neck of a larger boy, who had stolen cautiously into the room.

"Oh, my Timmy!" was all he said, while the hot head nestled close to his brother's wet jacket, and a faint smile stole over the tiny pinched face.

The big boy said nothing at all, but his face was working as he smoothed the tangled hair with his rough, grimy fingers.

"He's a lot better, aint he, mother?" Tim said at last, as he tried to look hopefully at his mother, when the little one had dropped off into one of his brief sleeps.

"No, Tim, he aint no better," his mother said mournfully, putting down her work to rock backward and forward violently a moment. "No; and he'll never be any better again in this world. He's goin' to a better,

nd I wish you and me were good enough to o along."

The big slow tears gathered in Tim's eyes nd slipped down on the yellow head over hich he was bending, when, with a start, the ttle sick boy woke up and began his old noan of "I want my Timmy. Where's my Timmy?"

"Here I am," Tim answered, pressing the ittle head closer to him. "You've forgot I ust come in. Waked up kinder sudden-like, lidn't you, dear?"

long it'll be Summer, and then Timmy 'll carry you up to the Park. We'll have a jolly ride in the horse-cars all the way, and you'll look out of the winder and think you're drivin' the horses; and *there* you'll see all kinds of flowers—lilacs and roses, pink roses and red roses, and lots and lots of climbing vines all over blossoms. And, like as not, little 'un, if I've had an extra day, a real tip-topper, *you'll* have a ride in the goat kerrige, big as anybody, sittin' up straight, sayin' 'Go long,' just like the little boys we see last Summer."

had taken up his box as he left the house, and when he reached his usual stand—the base of a great monument in the middle of a square, across which two busy streets ran—he put it down in front of him, the brushes and blacking-box in their places, and leaning against the cold gray stone tried to think it all out.

Tim belongs to the shoeblack brigade, and in pleasant weather his stand is a very profitable one. The ten cents skip in very rapidly on bright mornings, and Tim's sharp eyes

THE RAIN BEAT AGAINST HIM.

"Did you bring my wose, Timmy?" he moaned, "my beautiful wed wose? Mother said you'd bring me one."

"No, dear, I didn't," answered Tim gently. "It's a very bad day for roses," he went on, looking down in the eager, hopeful little face. "You see, roses, big red roses, don't blossom when the wind and the rain blows like as it does now, except in the glass-houses, where rich people keep their flowers. Before very

A wan little smile came over the sick boy's face as he listened to this pleasant prospect; but it faded, and soon he began to toss about again and say, "I want a wed wose. I *do* want to smell a wed wose, Timmy. I'm so hot! so hot!" till Tim could not listen any longer, and, unclasping the hot hands from his neck, hurried downstairs and out into the fast darkening street.

Without thinking what he was doing, Tim

never let a chance of business escape him; but in such rainy weather no one was anxious or willing to have his boots blacked, as Tim well knew, and he had been wandering about all day in search of horses to hold, or anything in the way of work that would bring him a few pennies.

All the money that Tim and his mother could earn, even the little nest-egg they were beginning to lay up for the next Winter,

had been used in the little brother's sickness, and no matter how diligently he fumbled in his ragged pockets, not one stray penny rewarded his search.

"How *shall* I get the little un a rose?" he said to himself; "a real stunner of a rose that has lots of smell in it. He's *got* to have it!"

The rain beat against him; the wind fluttered his ragged clothes and tried to run off with his battered hat; a grinning newsboy shouted "Shine!" into his unheeding ears; and it was quite dark before Tim had made up his mind what to do, and came back to the world with a start and a shiver to find his beat quite deserted and the gaslights flaring on the wet pavement.

"The little un's got to have his rose anyhow," he said again, out loud this time, and then, picking up his much-abused box, Tim hurried across the street, and plodded up one and down another, until after a long walk he found himself in front of the flaring lights of a market. Around a hot coffee-stand ever so many bootblacks and newsboys were gathered. Tim knew very well where to find his friends on such a rainy evening. It was not quite theatre time, and the boys were reinforcing themselves with coffee and rolls against the evening's pleasures.

When Tim opened the door he was greeted with "Here's Tim!" "Tim, have some coffee, I'll treat." "Where's Tim been blacking shoes *to-night?*"

But Tim had no time to spare now that he had made up his mind what to do. He said:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's!"

"Goin' away, Tim?" asked one boy.

"No, not exactly, boys, but I want a quarter the worst kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion termorror?" asked another.

"Got short of peanuts and *must* have some more? I'll lend you ten cents," added a third.

"Wants some ice cream, I guess," proposed a fourth.

"No, I aint after none of them things, boys; but I *must* have a quarter," Tim answered.

One of the boys hunted twenty-five cents out of his ragged pocket, and took Tim's box, who looked a little wistfully at it, muttering, "I don't know what we'll do termorrer," and then turning around hurried out of the market without another word.

"Somethin's the matter with Tim," the boys agreed among themselves, and one of their number decided to follow him to see what *was* the matter, and departed, whooping, cat-calling, running under horses' heads, and dodging policemen as only a bootblack knows how.

Tim made his way back through the same streets, past the monument, and up into the broad, brilliantly-lighted streets, where windows were filled with beautiful things, and handsome carriages picked their way among the omnibuses and horse-cars.

He stopped at last in front of a flower-store and looked cautiously in between the bouquets displayed in the window. There was no one in the store but a man behind the counter looking over flowers; and as Tim watched him, he with a few twists of his skilful fingers put a few fresh geranium leaves around two beautiful deep red roses.

Tim opened the door and stole in. The man only raised his eyes long enough to shake his head at him, and then went on with his work.

"How much for *them?*" Tim inquired, coming up to the counter and pointing at the red roses.

"Twenty-five cents; rather beyond you, I guess, my boy," the man answered carelessly.

"I'll take 'em," Tim said briefly, laying down his money.

There was something in the boy's sad face that prevented the man from joking about his queer purchase as he covered the roses carefully with paper and gave them to Tim.

Another sharp pair of eyes were looking in the window, wondering more than the flowerman did what Tim was going to do with his flowers, and a very active pair of legs that carried the sharp eyes around had a hard race to keep up with Tim as he dashed along with his precious bundle.

When Tim opened his room door the little yellow head was lying very quietly on its hard pillow, and the heavy eyes did not open until Tim, kneeling down on the floor beside him, said softly:

"See, little un, see what I've brought you. Here's your roses."

The little arms were a long time in groping their way to their old place around Tim's neck, and the little voice was very faint and hoarse that answered,

"Hold 'em up so I can smell 'em, Timmy, my Timmy that's so good to me." So Tim held the heavy head on one arm and the roses to the little hot face with the other hand, while Teddy's eyes travelled from his brother's face to the roses and back again.

"What makes you cry, Timmy?" he said presently; "where I'm a-goin' they have all the wed woses a little un can pick. That's what mother says. I'll save some for you and mother, Timmy, like these," and the little boy tried to rub his white cheek against the smooth rose petals.

"I've got my woses," he said again; "and Timmy, I *do* love you."

After that there was a long silence; and when, in the early gray of the morning, Tim laid the little yellow head carefully back on the pillow, and stood looking down at what was left of his "little un," he whispered to his mother: "I guess the Lord lets such as him go right in among the roses; don't you, mother?"

When Tim, his eyes so full of tears that he could hardly see where he was going, opened the door a good while after, he stumbled over his own box, while a bouquet of flowers rolled off from the box on the floor. Fastened to the flowers was a bit of paper, on which was printed in very straggling letters "Fur the litul un," and Tim knew from the sound of clattering feet that went hurrying down the stairs that some of his friends, the boys, had been watching over their present perhaps almost all the long hours of the night.

It was a queer bunch of roses that the bootblacks brought for little Ted; very full in bloom they were, battered, half wilted, and fading, for they had lain ever since early morning in the hot breath of the market; but as they nestled among the yellow curls, and with the beautiful red roses were clasped so tightly in the little one's thin fingers, somehow Tim could not for the life of him have told why they seemed to comfort him so much.

"Like as if, you know, mother," he said tearfully, "the little un had so many roses now he could leave such a lot behind him. Can't you 'most see him a-standin', with them curls blowin' back, holding up both hands full of flowers, and a-callin', 'Timmy! I want my Timmy to see.' Oh, little un, little un, what made the road to heaven so short for you and so long for me? But I'm a-going to try, you just remember, and some day you'll come a-runnin' to meet me, and I'll see the flowers you've told so much about."

That was long ago, and everybody but Tim and his mother have almost forgotten the little boy who loved red roses. Almost, but not quite, for only the other morning I was sitting in the public gardens watching the busy, chattering sparrows, when I overheard a queer conversation. Some little ragged bootblacks were sunning themselves on the other end of the bench, counting their morning's harvest of pennies and chattering quite as briskly as the sparrows, till at last one said:

"But when it comes to bein' real good; the goin' to Sunday-school and keepin' straight along all the week kind; lookin' after the *little* fellers and seein' that nobody don't steal their brushes and punch their heads; yes, 'n standin' treats to the little fellers on rainy days; never sayin' a bad word before them, and keepin' 'em under his eye all the time, that's Tim, and I guess the reason is—don't you remember?—the little un."

Yes, they all remembered, and thought so too; and *I* thought, as I listened, of the blessed, beautiful promise that the dear Lord has made to those who are gentle and loving with little children, and that if Tim always remembers, and tries hard to be good, patient, and tender in this world, that in the world to come, somewhere very near the threshold, he will find his little one waiting for him, when his work on earth is done.

FOR BIBLE CLASSES.

SCHOLARS' LESSON PAPER.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1878.

Second evening lesson—St. James v.

I. To whom is verse 1 addressed?

II. What were "the miseries that shall come upon you"?

III. What is meant by "Your riches are corrupted"?

IV. What is meant by "The rust of them shall be a witness against you"?

V. What is meant by "treasure for the last days"?

VI. What is shown by verse 6?

VII. What is the meaning of "the Lord of Sabaoth"?

VIII. What is the sense of "Ye have nourished your hearts"?

IX. What is meant by "As in a day of slaughter"?

X. What is meant by "Ye have condemned and killed the just"?

XI. To whom is verse 7 addressed?

XII. What is meant by "Behold, the husbandman waiteth"?

XIII. What is meant by "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh"?

HELPS TO TEACHERS.

Question First.—This is manifestly addressed to the countrymen of the Apostle, as distinguished from the Christians. The first part of the chapter, to verse 7, is very clearly to be distinguished from the latter part. It is a prophetic warning to the nation of what was to come upon it. The wealthy among the Jews were, by their greed and cruelty, largely responsible for the fall of the nation, which, at this time, was drawing near.

Question Second.—The miseries which were

ne upon them were those which befell
e siege and capture of Jerusalem. The
not only lost all their wealth, but were
nto slavery or perished in the destruction
eir country. (See Josephus for account
is time.)

uestion Third. — This is metaphorical.
gh these still appear bright in your eyes
n the eyes of men, the anger of God is
them, and they are doomed. (Compare
e prophets of the Old Testament similar
essions anticipating that which came to
)

uestion Fourth.—Gold and silver do not
especially gold; the sense here is to be
ht as a metaphor. As rust of metal eats
the fabrics around it, so the moral poison
eir wealth should become their torment.
ne misery of the siege, the riches of the
thy only heightened their sufferings, and
ed to lengthen out their wretchedness.
oe rich, exposed the Jew to greater per-
tion; and this not only then, but in the
history of the nation. Gold has "eaten
flesh of the Jew like fire."

uestion Fifth.—Ye have heaped treasure
ther only that it shall be exposed to the
and agony of the "last days," viz., here
fall of Jerusalem.

uestion Sixth.—The great fault of Oriental
is the failure of justice between man and
n, where there is no power to enforce it.
Lord Macaulay's "Clive" for the differ-
e between the native princes of India and
English government as to the pay of
liers.) The Jews at this time were acting
r the Eastern fashion. (See also Malachi
5, to show that this was no new thing.)

uestion Seventh.—"The Lord of Sabaoth"
ne Lord of Hosts, *i. e.*, armies. St. James
s this title here because he is speaking of
l as the avenger of wrong.

uestion Eighth.—"Ye have nourished your
rts" means that they, the rich, have fed
r hearts' desires with luxury and oppres-
n. Their sin was not mere luxury and
digality, but also wanton cruelty and in-
ice.

uestion Ninth.—"As in a day of slaughter"
ns as on a feast day, when the sacrifices
killed. Their abandonment to pleasure
been as when the offerings are to be eaten
wholly consumed. No check is set upon
appetite.

uestion Tenth.—Ye have condemned and
ed the just. Not merely any just, *i. e.*,
nteous man, but the Just, that is, Christ.
s not just men, though this was true of
m, but the One of whom especially this was
title. The words, "And he doth not resist
," show the reference also that in the
rtyrdom of those who afterward died for
rist, the death of the Lord is repeated,
far as it brings guilt upon the murderers.
ey crucify Him afresh.

uestion Eleventh.—The Apostle here re-
ns to the Christians, his brethren, and ad-
sses them. It is evident here, from the
ithesis between this and the first verse,
t these, the rich men there addressed, are
included in the brethren; and this seems
isive of the question that the epistle is
tten to the Christian Church first, and sec-
lly to the whole Jewish nation. The divis-
is not yet complete between the two
sses of Jews; they are separated in one
se, in another they are still one.

uestion Twelfth.—The husbandman has to
t especially for two events—the early and
latter rain; the first, that the seed sown
y spring up; the second, that it may not
ish before ripening. There is an impa-
ice which breaks out after the beginning
an institution like that of the Christian
urch, and asks that it shall at once come to
l success. There is always a time of wait-
after the first enthusiasm and zeal have
ne off, and this is the time of trial. (Com-
e St. Paul's, "first the blade, then the ear,
n the full corn in the ear.")

uestion Thirteenth.—St. James, like all the other disciples, could not know the day and hour of the Lord's coming. But in one sense, never to be forgotten, the coming of the Lord began with the fall of Jerusalem, which He had foretold as one of the warning signs. That was now near at hand, St. James's prophecy is therefore strictly true. Again, as the Lord "came" many times in signs and types before He appeared on earth, so He may be said to have many typical advents before the great and final day of the Lord.

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